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SONGS OF THE SOUL





Yfz.





In memory of

Harold M. Bacon

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VLX

Songs of the Soul:

PHILOSOPHICAL
MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

(Second and Enlarged Edition.)

BY

MUNGO PONTON, F.R.S.E.,

Author of "THE BEGINNING, ITS WHEN AND ITS HOW," &c.

"I will sing with the spirit, I will sing with the understanding also."

—*I Cor. xiv, 15.*

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1877.



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P R E F A C E .

THE first edition of these Songs, 48 in number, was printed only for private circulation. The favourable comments made on them by the recipients of copies, united to a belief that several of them differ in kind from any hitherto published, have induced the author, after adding a second series extending the number to 100, to submit this enlarged edition to the general public.

It may startle some minds to find such subjects as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, &c., made themes of praise to the Almighty; but a little reflection ought to produce a conviction, that these are quite as legitimate topics, as many others on which the writers of hymns have loved to dwell. Such a blending, moreover, of religious sentiment with philosophical contemplation may tend to exert a beneficial effect on the mind, by directing the thoughts from mere

external phenomena towards an Unseen, Ever-living, and Allwise Origin.

It is only a portion, however, of the following hymns, to which these remarks apply. The greater number, especially of the second series, are of a moral or devotional character, and, for the most part, embody sentiments expressed by the sacred writers in various parts of scripture. In the composition of these, an endeavour has been made to keep them as free as possible from sectarian prejudices, so that they may prove acceptable to every Christian mind.



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Songs of the Soul:

PHILOSOPHICAL,
MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

1



THOU Intelligence Supreme !
Of human praise the grandest theme—
Of motion, energy, and force
The primary creative source—
Fountain of life, whence all alive
Their being, life, and breath derive !

Whose wisdom, all excelling far,
Prepared the sun, each glittering star,
The moon, whose changeful rays so well
Of passing times and seasons tell,
This fertile earth, that ocean wide,
With rolling waves and fitful tide—

Ruler of all the human race !
What love is shown us in Thy grace,
Which suffers sinful men to call
Thee “ Father ”—having made us all
Adopted sons in Jesus Christ,
Who is of all Thy sons the highest !

2

O THOU Eternal, Omnipresent Mind,
 Of which the human is a faint reflection,
 Yet similar essentially in kind,
 Linked by an infelt, tho' unseen, connection !

In Thee we view the great primordial Cause—
 The atoms of all substances arranging—
 Guiding their movements by unerring laws,
 Their unions and disunions ever-changing.

Life, in its origin, we trace to Thee,
 Who art Thyself the only ever-living—
 To all organic beings, that we see,
 Their forms, their functions and their instincts giving.

From Thee all wisdom and all knowledge spring—
 All that men vainly deem their own acquiring ;
 To Thee, O Father ! would our spirits cling,
 To be illumined by Thy light desiring.

3

COME now, with music make the welkin ring,
 While we sing praises to our heavenly King ;
 While we adore Him for His glorious might,
 Who made the Ether tremulous with light :
 Him for His wisdom reverently extol,
 Who in their orbits made the planets roll.

Praise Him for sunshine, glorifying day,
 And for the moon with time recording ray.
 Him who hath garnished all the heavenly vault
 With the bright legions of the stars exalt.
 Praise Him who, lifting viewless vapours high,
 Wafts them in cloud-heaps o'er the azure sky ;

Whence fall the rain-drops on the lofty hills,
Filling the fountains, nourishing the rills,
Feeding the torrents, which in fury roar,
While their rude waters into rivers pour,
Which ever flow to meet the heaving tide—
Watering the valleys as they through them glide;

Who by his wisdom hollowed out the deeps,
Where He imprisoned, briny ocean keeps,
So that its wild waves, fettered by the shore,
Can on the dry land trespass never more—
Who its proud billows rouses at His will,
Who anon quells them, saying, “Peace, be still.”

Praise Him who, raising mountain-ranges high,
Levelled the valleys, pasture to supply,
Planted the forest, leaving clear the field,
Which to man’s labour corn and wine may yield—
Who to all living gives their daily food,
And to His people every gift that’s good.

4

HOW high the heavens! how deep the sea!
Yet higher, deeper still
Must His all-knowing wisdom be,
By whose creative skill
Were fashioned all in earth and heaven—
To Him be praise and glory given.

Wafted on swiftest waves of light,
Could we be borne away,
And from an age-enduring flight,
Drop on a star, whose ray
Has, from the moment of its birth,
Scarce penetrated down to earth.

That goal attained, would we be found,
 On looking thence abroad,
 Nearer the viewless lines that bound
 The universe of God,
 And be unable thence to trace
 Aught save a reach of empty space ?

No ; could we, thro' eternity,
 In flying persevere,
 We still should stars beyond us see,
 Nor ever could draw near
 A region of unbounded night,
 Not reached, as yet, by wandering light.

The whole of God's stupendous plan,
 In which He has displayed
 Creative wisdom, mortal man
 Has never yet surveyed,
 Nor ever could ; we can no more,
 Than, wondering, humbly God adore.

Yet, strange to say, some mortals vain
 Ignore all plan divine,
 And to unthinking chance would fain
 All we behold assign—
 To evolution, not to skill,
 To potent matter, not God's will.

Such idle fancies let us shun,
 Nor cease to bear in mind,
 That by the Ever-living One
 Was all that is designed ;
 And let us, with discernment true,
 Ascribe to Him the glory due.

5

PRAISE God, who roused the quivering light,
 The universe to cheer,
 Where erst had reigned continuous night,
 Dark, motionless and drear—

Who to the boundless Ether gave
The laws that rule each brilliant wave.

Adore the One Omnipotent Mind,
Which, with discernment wise,
To every atom hath assigned
Specific weight and size--
Determining its motive rate,
Ethereal waves to generate.

Some rouse, by their vibrations slow,
The waves in rubies seen ;
Some, faster, yield a golden glow,
Still quicker, gender green.
More rapidly, each atom sways,
While forming blue and purple rays.

These ether-waves the energy,
Thus gained, reciprocate—
Arousing atoms which may be
In a quiescent state—
Making them swing or fast or slow,*
Or else in masses onward go.†

But God in higher strains adore,
For intellectual light,
Enabling mortals to explore
The marvels of His might,
And to discern that His decree
Has fitted eyes the light to see.

Thank Him that, in these latter days,
A secret long concealed—
What visible or latent rays
Can do—has been revealed ;
How, by the tremors they excite,
Some molecules they disunite.‡

*As in fluorescence. †As in the radiometer. ‡In silver salts, bichromates, &c



How images, in light and shade,
 Of all that eye can see,
 Are, by this chymistry portrayed,*
 Strange pictures which may be,
 Though unperceived at first by sight,
 Made subsequently clear and bright.†

And how from those which, as regards
 Their lights and shadows, show
 Reversal,‡ we may afterwards
 Make other pictures so,
 That, while the first we multiply,
 These stand correct before the eye.§

Thank Him for having made it known—
 What had been hidden long—
 That every element, when thrown
 Into vibration strong,
 By heat or otherwise, displays
 Each one its own peculiar rays.¶

While, in its more quiescent state,
 It will absorb those same
 Which, active, it can generate
 In solar light or flame.
 Thus what it genders or absorbs
 Betrays it in far distant orbs.

*Photographs. †The latent image. ‡The negative. §The positive.
 ¶The spectral lines,

6

TO praise the Lord devote an ode,
 For having made all atoms beat
 With rhythmic tremors, in that mode
 Which generates in bodies heat—
 Flaring in flame, glowing in fire—
 To animals, while they respire,
 Imparting warmth which life sustains,
 Their blood propelling thro' their veins.

Save for this motion, all would die,
Dark silence far and wide prevail.
While never-melting snows would lie
On mountain, valley, hill and dale.
The sea would be one massive block
Of solid ice, as hard as rock ;
The atmosphere, in cold so great,
Could scarce retain its gaseous state.

Thank God, who o'er all nature rules,
For constituting water so,
That heat affects its molecules
More than all others which we know—
In vapour causing them to rise
And form great cloud-heaps in the skies,
Whence rain descends in genial showers,
Exciting earth's productive powers.

Or, with more energy applied,
Making them take the form of steam,
Which men, with reason for their guide,
By far their best prime-mover deem.
For it has proved the fittest means
For working engines and machines—
Speeding us on our landward way,
Or through the stormy ocean's spray.

Bless God for our abundant stores
Of fuel, both in coal and wood,
Whereby we smelt metallic ores,
Keep warm our homes and cook our food.
Adore Him for the household hearth,
Around which all we love on earth
Assemble, while those accents flow
Which tell how warm is friendship's glow.

BLESS God for having sages taught,
How amber is by friction fraught
With that mysterious energy,
Which men call Electricity—

That energy, so full of wonders,
Which forms the lightning when it thunders.

Give praise to Him for having made
This electricity prevade
All atoms and all molecules,
And helped men to discover rules,
Whereby, when wanted, to provide it,
And in its movements well to guide it—

For having shown them how it serves
By tremors to excite the nerves,
And so from evils they endure,
The suffering sons of men to cure,
And how, when 'tis from clouds descending,
They may prevent it from offending.

Praise Him yet more for having taught
How, as a messenger of thought,
This energy may be employed,
And how it helps us to avoid
The hindrances of time and distance,
By overcoming their resistance.

Bless Him for giving to mankind
An electricity of mind,
Which, flashing thoughts from soul to soul,
Makes many one harmonious whole—
To God Himself their spirits raising,
While they in song His name are praising.

FOR Magnetism be God adored,
Who hath, by His all-wise decree,
This globe terraqueous amply stored
With that most subtle energy—
Its sites in depths profound disclosing,
By poles in north and south opposing.



All glory to our God ascribe,
Who constituted iron so
As magnetism to imbibe,
To take it in and let it go—
Empowering tempered steel to gain it,
And then for ages to retain it.

This property, tho' long concealed,
Hath God, in His appointed time,
To wandering man for use revealed,
That he may go from clime to clime—
Thro' trackless seas by compass steering,
To lose his way no longer fearing.

Nay more, to men who watchful wait
To note the needle's fitful sway,
It will by movements indicate
Vast changes in the orb of day,
Whence oft are wasted waves magnetic,
With which our globe is sympathetic.

Moreover, in His mercy kind,
A moral Magnet God has given,
Which draws to it the human mind,
And wafts to it a wave from heaven
Of grace divine—His Son Anointed,
Who shows to man the way appointed.

9

PRAISE God, whose benefits abound,
For giving us the sense of sound—
For human speech, for hearing ear,
For melody the heart to cheer—
For all the accents of the voice,
When heard in concord or alone,
Nor less for such an ample choice
Of instruments of various tone.



How wonderful it seems ! how strange !
 That such effects, so wide in range,
 Should all one source in common share—
 Mere tremors in the ambient air—
 The bass sounds due to wavelets long,
 To wavelets short the treble shrill—
 Loud sounds to undulations strong,
 The softer to a feebler trill.

For transference of sound alone
 These wavelets serve ; they gain their tone
 By means as strange and wonderful—
 The tremors of each molecule
 Of membrane or metallic spring,
 Of tubes of metal, reed or wood,
 Of tightened wire or catgut string—
 Each quivering in its proper mood.

But the most pleasing tones are heard
 From throat of woman, man or bird, ;
 Tho' charms are added when they sing
 In harmony with tube or string.
 Yet still the sounds of human speech
 Our thanks to God should most awake ;
 For men by these each other teach
 The good and upright path to take.

10

HOW kind is God ! how liberal !
 His goodness be adored,
 For every useful mineral
 With which the world is stored.
 Thank Him for those enduring rocks,
 From which we quarry massive blocks,
 To raise those edifices vast,
 Which may for generations last.

For marbles, many-hued or white,
Of which we temples build,
And whence those forms, which yield delight,
Are carved by sculptors skilled—
For sandstones with their fracture free,
Which can be wrought so easily,
Whereof we useful dwellings rear,
Alike for peasant, squire or peer.

For chalk and limestone which we burn,
And so to lime reduce,
Which builders can by slaking turn
To mortar for their use—
For clay which men with moisture mix,
And burn to fashion tiles and bricks,
And for the kaolin more rare,
Of which the potter forms his ware.

For paving stones, for leafy slate,
On which our schoolboys write,
Which makes our roofs of little weight,
Yet strong and water-tight—
For coal, which we as fuel need,
The furnace and the fire to feed—
For fossil oil, which, purified,
Has many a student's lamp supplied.

Thank Him for all the brilliant gems
Which ornament our rings,
And grace the golden diadems
Which decorate our kings—
The ruby red, the sapphire blue,
The diamond of changeful hue,
The opal with its fiery rays,
The emerald, the chrysoprase.

The topaz, beryl, amethyst,
With many more besides,
Which might be added to the list,
Wherewith we deck our brides—

For the siliceous flint and quartz,
 Our servants in the useful arts,
 For alkalis and needful salt,
 Our food in savour to exalt.

For making silica unite
 With alkalis to form
 The glass which, while admitting light,
 Protects us from the storm—
 Glass which provides the lens to spy
 The stars that grace the azure sky,
 And into nature's secrets deep
 Minutely, curiously to peep—

Glass, which, triangled in the prism,
 Among the blended rays
 Of light effects a wondrous schism,
 And drives them divers ways—
 Exhibiting their various tints,
 And to our sages giving hints,
 That minerals and metals are
 The same as ours in sun and star.

11

THE God of heaven let us adore,
 And glorify His holy name,
 For giving us metallic ore,
 And teaching men to smelt the same.
 For making every metal fuse
 By heat—this quality to use,
 Giving the fuel men require
 To feed the powerful melting fire.

Thank Him for splendid, precious gold
 And silver (meet for ornament
 Or coins, whereby is bought and sold
 Whate'er is to the market sent,) 

Tin, copper, zinc, the bronze and brass
Into which these by union pass—
For mercury, which ever flows
And the air's warmth and pressure shows.

For manganese (which puts to flight
Bad odours,) antimony, lead,
Magnesium, with its brilliant light,
And that of strontium, flaring red—
For bismuth, chromium and the dyes
Of various hue which it supplies—
For weighty platinum, so long
Enduring, and for iron strong.

This last, thank God's benignant plan,
Is made most amply to abound,
Since iron is of use to man
Beyond all other metals found.
Iron, for steel, will carbon take ;
Engines, machines, of these we make ;
We journey fast on iron rails,
In iron ships we brave the gales.

Iron and steel man also finds
Otherwise to his weal conduce ;
Tools, implements, of various kinds
Are formed of them for many a use.
Iron with gall supplies the ink
To pens of steel, which all we think
About these blessings of the Lord's
May render into written words.

12

PRAISE the God of all creation
For the produce of the ground—
For the ample vegetation
In so many regions found—

Songs of the Soul:

For the flowers that yield delight
 By their forms and colours bright—
 For nutritious bulb and root,
 For delicious, wholesome fruit.

For the many grains, that waving
 O'er the field, assurance give,
 We shall not be vainly craving
 Bread on which we mainly live—
 For the countless stately trees,
 Sheltering from the sun and breeze—
 For their leaves, bark, wood and seeds,
 All subservient to our needs.

Some the tender fibre yielding
 Which we into garments weave,
 Thus our naked bodies shielding
 From the cold which else might grieve—
 For the leaves, on which are fed
 Insects spinning silken thread,
 And the juices plants supply
 Which our yarns and raiment dye.

For the trees, which, long abiding
 In the forest, woodman hews,
 Faggots, logs and planks providing,
 Which we either burn or use—
 For the plants whose juices cure
 Many ailments we endure,
 And those others which assuage
 Thirst with cheering beverage.

For the wine's exhilaration—
 For the yeast whose spherules spread,
 Causing vinous fermentation,
 Leavening the baker's bread.
 When our vigour needs repair,
 Thanks to God's paternal care,
 Coffee, tea and cocoa serve
 To renew each flagging nerve.

Thank Him too for those delicious
Spices which the palate please,
And the oils of various species
We obtain from plants and trees—
For the resin which exudes
Odorous from sundry woods,
And the scents the air receives
Fresh from fragrant flowers and leaves.

For the grass that needs no sowing,
Cropt by cattle, goats and sheep,
Horses, asses, or, left growing,
Hay provides for winter keep—
For the sea-weeds that sustain
Countless millions in the main,
And the tiny diatom,
Forming shells which rocks become.

13

THANK the Lord for having to us full dominion
given
Over all the creatures living 'neath the vault of heaven,
O'er the finny fishes, over birds of every wing,
Over wild beasts, cattle, insects, every creeping thing.

Thank Him for the cow, from which we needful milk
obtain,
And the sturdy ox which labours, or for meat is slain,
Also for the fleecy flocks that equally are good
For providing woollen raiment or nutritious food.

Thank Him for the horse, the camel and the patient ass,
Which as bearers of our burdens other beasts surpass—
For the strength so powerful elephants supply,
Also for the ivory they leave us when they die.

Thank Him for the faithful dog, affectionate and true,
Over his charge so watchful and so obedient too—
For the wily cat, so useful to preserve the house
From the thievish inroads of the gnawing rat and mouse.

Thank Him for the hare that crouches in the open field,
And the wary antlered deer among the trees concealed—
All the other beasts that furnish man with dainty food,
And in search of which the hunter traverses the wood.

Thank Him for the marten, ermine, and the seal we kill,
That their furs may keep us warm amid the winter's chill,
For the huge sea-monsters which, with daring skill and
toil,
Hardy sailors boldly slaughter to obtain their oil.

Thank Him for the birds, whose warbling yields the ear-
delight,
Also those whose beauteous plumage is a glorious sight,
For the useful poultry and the nutrient eggs they lay,
And the many game-birds which the skilful fowlers slay.

Thank Him for the various products insects can supply,
Some to delight the palate, and some to please the eye—
For the wax and honey which are treasured by the bees,
And the parasite which forms the gall-nut on the trees.

Thank Him for the brilliant carmine of the cochineal,
And the lac which gives us varnish or receives the seal—
For the spinning caterpillar, and the splendid boon
Of the glossy silken fibre wound from its cocoon.

Thank Him for the various fishes haunting lakes and
streams,
And the finny shoals with which the briny ocean teems—
For the mail-clad turtle which affords such dainty meats,
And the sluggish oyster which the costly pearl secretes..

Thank Him for the murex, yielding beauteous purple-
dye,
And the porous sponges which the watery depths-
supply—
Lastly for the tiny corals which great islands form,
With their calm lagunes, affording shelter from the-
storm.

14

WHAT lessons learn we from the spider ?
How skilfully her web she weaves !
No overseer has she to chide her,
She yet her labour never leaves.
Should it be torn by ruthless breezes,
Note how she, with untiring care,
The earliest tranquil moment seizes,
The broken fabric to repair..

Were time and chance, O vain deceiver !
Her sole instructors in her way ?
Was it mere hunger taught this weaver
Thus to entrap her needful prey ?
How learnt she to secrete the fluid
From which she spins her silken threads,
Whereby are fashioned or renewed
The webs she so adroitly spreads ?

Did evolution, sage debater !
Make her with all her instincts fraught ?
By no Intelligent Creator
Her wily weaving was she taught ?
Vain notion ! Let us then, eschewing
His folly who a God denies,
While the laborious spider viewing,
In her God's wisdom note and prize.

15

BOUNTIFUL, merciful is our Heavenly Father ;
Let us then joyfully in assembly gather,
That we may heartily praises sing before Him—
Reverently, thankfully, for His love adore Him.

Beautiful, wonderful, all His works around us ;
Well may their vastness and multitude astound us ;
Let us, while viewing these marvels of creation,
Keep on Him steadily fixed our meditation.

Fanciful is the fool who to chance would rather
 All ascribe, than confess God to be his Father—
 Saying that men become quite extinct by dying—
 Hopelessly, recklessly, future life denying.

Carefully, warily, shunning such delusion,
 Lest we fall into deep darkness and confusion,
 Let us love and obey God our loving Father,
 Who will us faithfully into glory gather.

16

SING praises to our God, the Lord of all creation,
 Who rules the universe as Governor Supreme,
 Who, self-existing, hath, thro' ages all, duration,
 Who is of highest praise alone a worthy theme.
 To Him we owe our birth, our life and preservation,
 Him only as the source of every blessing deem.

Let all of every race, in every region dwelling,
 Exalt His glorious name for all that He hath done,
 Who when we all had sinn'd, against His law rebelling,
 To save our souls from death, sent Jesus Christ, His
 Son.

Adore Him for this love, all other love excelling
 And let us now begin a better course to run.

Let us with love return our Father's love endearing,
 As shewn to us in Christ, our Lord and Saviour kind ;
 May we His righteous law obeying and revering,
 Serve Him with steadfast heart and with a willing
 mind—

Expecting, with good hope, the day of His appearing,
 When we eternal life shall in His presence find.

17

GIVE praise to God Omnipotent,
 The only Ever-living,
 Existence, life and nourishment
 To all His creatures giving,

Whose presence fills the whole of space,
All-knowing and all-seeing ;
In whom we of the human race
Live, move and have our being.

The counsels of mankind he sways,
O'er all the nations reigning—
Man's anger makes to yield Him praise,
Excess of wrath restraining.
All trusting in Him He befriends—
Their footsteps rightly guiding :
Widows and orphans he defends—
The help they need providing.

Of those who seek Him He is found ;
To all His law revering
His benefits He makes abound,
Their prayers benignly hearing.
To such His mercy He reveals,
And brings them consolation—
Thro' Christ their soul's diseases heals,
Assuring their salvation.

Let us in Him our trust repose,
To Him our prayers directing,
Who all our wants and wishes knows,
No trustful prayer neglecting.
In name of Jesus let us pray—
The Christ, the One Anointed—
To us, the truth, the life, the way
Of our access appointed.

Pray that His Spirit may descend
With new life to provide us,
Our hearts to cleanse, our ways to mend,
Into all truth to guide us—
To us the things of Christ to shew,
Our reason to enlighten ;
Our virtues thus shall hourly grow,
Our prospects daily brighten.

18

COME let us worship the One true God—
 Praise Him who only is holy.
 On the wide universe look abroad,
 All He has done applaud.
 For on the humble He bends His eye,
 And He upraises the lowly ;
 He, while enthroned above all on high,
 Hears when the mourners cry.

He, when we all had gone far astray,
 Sent His Messiah to save us,
 That we anew might His laws obey—
 Keeping the upright way.
 In us the love of truth to restore,
 His Divine Spirit He gave us ;
 Let us His wonderful love adore,
 While we His grace implore.

May we no longer indulge in sin,
 Eagerly following pleasure ;
 Let us to lead a new life begin,
 That we the prize may win—
 Life everlasting—a noble prize—
 Passing all temporal treasure ;
 Let us upon it fix hopeful eyes,
 That we may towards it rise.

Let us be merciful, upright, true,
 Kindly and just to our neighbour,
 While we all cause of offence eschew—
 Rendering to each his due.
 May we no longer to sloth give way,
 But with all diligence labour—
 Cheerfully work and with fervour pray,
 While it is called to-day.

BLESS God, whose providential care
Is over all who love His name ;
Of discontent let us beware,
Nor Him for our misfortunes blame.
The love of money is the root
Of divers evils to the mind,
And many miseries the fruit
Which those indulging in it find.

This lust of gold and worldly wealth,
As sons of God, let us avoid ;
For, undermining moral health,
Full many a soul has it destroyed.
But let us follow righteousness,
And cherish goodness, trustful love,
Meekness and patience in distress—
Looking to Him who reigns above.

Faith's noble battle let us fight,
Shunning disputes and wrangling strife—
Keeping the prize before our sight,
That we may grasp eternal life.
Let us the law divine obey—
To our confession fast adhere
Spotless and blameless, till the day
When Christ our Lord shall re-appear.

Which, in His own time, He shall bring,
Who is the sole blest potentate,
Of lords and kings, the Lord and King,
Greater than all whom men deem great,
Who, self-existing, has alone
Immortal life, who dwells on high—
Light inaccessible His throne,
Invisible to mortal eye.

20

O GOD ! whose gifts are ever best,
 Two things I earnestly request—
 These do not, Lord ! to me deny,
 But grant them even until I die.

Whatever thoughts are false or vain
 Let me not in my mind retain—
 All fancies which might hurtful prove,
 Far from Thy servant, Lord ! remove.

Nor poverty I seek, nor wealth,
 But bodily and mental health ;
 Give me my needful daily food—
 Not more than what is for my good.

Lest, being rich, I breathe this thought—
 ‘Who is the Lord ? I owe Him nought,’
 Or, being poor, should steal, and blame
 Thy dealings or blaspheme Thy name.

21

WHEN I, reflecting, Father kind !
 On all Thy mercies dwell,
 In loving wonder rapt, my mind
 Desires Thy praise to swell.

Of shelter, raiment, daily food,
 My need hast Thou supplied—
 Nay, that my life might be renewed,
 Thy Christ our Saviour died.

How many gifts I ill requite,
 From Thy free bounty flow ;
 To taste those blessings with delight
 A grateful heart bestow.

I; till of mortal life deprived,
 Thy goodness will proclaim,
 And after death, by Thee revived,
 Will praise Thy glorious name.

22

THINE eye of mercy let me claim,
That beams on those who love Thy name ;
My footsteps by Thy word control,
Nor suffer sin to rule my soul.

O teach me Lord ! thine ordered way,
And from it I will never stray,
Wisdom to keep Thy law impart,
I will obey with all my heart.

Direct me how to walk aright
In Thy commandments my delight,
Thy testimonies to acquire,
Not worldly wealth, my heart inspire.

An everlasting righteousness
Thy testimonies all possess.
To me, that I may rightly live,
A perfect understanding give.

23

HELP us to serve Thee lovingly, Father !
And from our innermost souls to say—
We will adore and obey Thee rather
Than in the ways of the worldly stray.

When we, O God ! to worship Thee gather;
Shed on our spirits Thy cheering light,
Then in Thy praise, benevolent Father !
We will with fervour and joy unite—

Sing of Thy power displayed in creation—
Sing of Thy kind providential care—
Sing of Thy grace and proffered salvation,
Which we confidently hope to share—

Sing of Thy Christ, whose humiliation,
Sufferings and death redeemed us from sin,
That we may, yielding to his invitation,
By His help, life everlasting win.

24

FROM erring ways my feet withdraw,
And grant me graciously Thy law ;
The truthful road I choose for mine,
Lord ! let Thy guidance trace the line.

Devoutly will I lift my hands
To all Thy precepts and commands,
Which, for my guides I, loving, choose,
And on Thy statutes will I muse.

Benign Thyself, Thy deeds benign,
Such, thro' Thy precepts, render mine.
Perfection's limit I have scanned,
But not the breadth of Thy command.

Thy precepts, which my life renew,
Shall never vanish from my view ;
Save me thine own, by ransom bought,
For I have all Thy precepts sought.

A sweeter savour yield Thy words,
Than honey to my mouth affords ;
I thro' Thy precepts, wisdom gain,
To hate all courses false and vain.

25

TEACH me, guide me, Father merciful !
How to do rightly Thy holy will ;
O'er me let not sin perversely rule,
But with Thy spirit my bosom fill.

Goodness, kindness, meekness, lowliness,
As in our Saviour they brightly shone,
Let these o'er me reign in holiness,
And let my heart be for Christ a throne.

Walking in His footsteps dutiful,
May I my pilgrimage so complete,
That, in His own image beautiful,
I may in glory my Saviour meet.

26

FATHER ! who no good gift deniest,
To me Thy favour shew;
For in resemblance to Thy Christ,
I fain would daily grow.
His kindly heart, His holy mind,
His spirit humble and resigned,
From every selfish motive free—
May these my constant study be.

These for example may I take,
And find in them delight—
Pondering them from the time I wake,
Till o'er me falls the night;
That I may grow more holy, pure
And truthful, patient to endure
Distress—less ready to complain,
If Thou appoint me grief or pain.

May I be gentle, free from pride,
Of meek and humble mind,
In spirit wholly sanctified,
Just, merciful and kind—
With christian charity endued,
May I return, for evil, good—
For cursing, blessing—love for hate,
And so my Saviour imitate.

27

FATHER in heaven ! all-seeing and all-knowing,
Kindness and love to all who trust Thee
showing—
Thou knowest how my spirit keeps desiring,
Each opening day, to be toward Thee aspiring—
Striving, through love, to keep Thy precepts better,
In spirit more than merely in the letter.
Foster, O God ! and satisfy this earnest
Wish of my heart, which only Thou discernest.

Keep my mind pure from evil inclinations,
 Free from deceit and false imaginations.
 Let me not dare Thy providence to question,
 Rid me of pride and every vain suggestion.
 Let not, I pray, my temper be untoward ;
 Gcheck every wish presumptuous or foward.
 Guide Thou my steps ; my way may I keep wending
 Straight to the goal of glory never-ending.

28

L ORD ! grant me calm, refreshing sleep,
 Throughout this night me safely keep ;
 May I, if morning's light I see,
 When I awake, be still with Thee.

Thou givest Thy beloved sleep ;
 Mine eyes still waking shouldst Thou keep,
 Against Thy will shall I repine ?
 May naught me ever so incline.

To my remembrance let me all
 Thy mercies undeserved recall—
 Trusting Thou, Father ! hast in store
 For me remaining many more.

Thy spirit guiding, may I strive
 So to behave, while yet alive,
 That when, by Christ, from death set free,
 I may in Him be found of Thee.

29

L ORD ! I thank Thee for my wakening
 Into this new morning's light,
 For my sleep and preservation
 During all the bygone night.

All the day, that's now beginning,
 May I wisely so employ,
 That I may its hours remember,
 Not with sorrow, but with joy.

In Thy service may I spend it,
Shunning evil, doing good—
Trusting in Thy love to give me
Lodging, raiment, daily food.

Help me steadily to labour
In obedience to Thy call,
Ere the night shall overtake me,
When no man can work at all—

Taking Christ as my example,
In whate'er I say or do—
Walking in the way appointed,
To my duty ever true.

30

O GOD ! who dost all worlds control,
To Thee, with love, devoid of fear
Would I this day commend my soul
And every one whom I hold dear,
According to Thy grace benign,
As may Thy glory most promote,
O Father ! deal with me and mine,
For I would all to Thee devote.

When in this present life Thou, Lord !
Shalt have Thy purpose good and wise
With us achieved, fulfil Thy word,
That into new life we shall rise,
And shall, with joy unspeakable,
Attain that bliss we deem the best—
In glory evermore to dwell,
With Thee in Christ made manifest.

31

WHAT power, O God ! can Thine withstand ?
Behold ! we all are in Thy hand,
To do as seemeth to Thee meet,
Until Thy purpose be complete.

We know that we can brook no harm,
Upheld by Thy protecting arm;
In waking hours, in helpless sleep,
Our souls wilt Thou in safety keep.

We for Thy mercy, Father! plead,
For that is what we sinners need.
Our faults and failings, Lord! forgive,
That we anew may rightly live—
Let us not into error sink;
Beyond what we can ask or think,
Do with and for us, till Thou take
Us to Thyself, for Jesus' sake.

32

IN mind and spirit keep me true
To Thee, O Father! and subdue
My will, till every wish and thought
Of mine be by Thy spirit brought
Into submission to Thy will,
That I may all Thy law fulfil.

May I be, with a patient mind,
To all Thy providence resigned.
When I am by affliction tried,
May Christ's example be my guide,
Who, when His sufferings had begun,
Said, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

33

OGOD! who dost all nature rule,
Father benign and merciful!
For all the errors I bemoan,
By sacrifice could I atone?
Thou hast from me no offering sought;
All I could offer were as naught;
Christ sacrificed Himself for me,
That I might give myself to Thee.

O may Thy spirit fill my soul,
And all my secret thoughts control,
That, loving Thee with filial awe,
I may fulfil Thy righteous law—
Striving, with all my might and main,
Perfection's holy height to gain,
And may the grace of Christ imbue
Whate'er I think, or say, or do.

34

G RANT, O God of our salvation!
That our love may ever be
Free from all dissimulation,
To our neighbour and to Thee—
Evil with abhorrence leaving,
But to goodness ever cleaving.

May we be to one another
In affection kind and true—
Each in honour to his brother
Meekly yielding preference due—
Prompt in business, as a servant
Of the Lord, in spirit fervent.

With a joyful expectation,
Cherishing the hopes we share—
Patient under tribulation,
Ne'er neglecting earnest prayer—
Saints to help, when needful, straining—
Hospitality maintaining.

Those who persecute us blessing,
Ne'er returning blow for blow—
Sympathy with all expressing,
Whether in their joy or woe—
To be one in spirit trying,
Honestly our wants supplying.



35

MY life, O God ! in mercy spare,
My health and strength restore,
Ere yet the common fate I share—
Depart and be no more.

For death retains no thought of Thee,
Death cannot breathe a prayer ;
Who in the grave can thankful be,
Or sing Thy praises there ?

36

I. ERE afflicted, went astray,
But now would fain Thy word obey ;
From sorrow I have wisdom earned,
For I have hence Thy statutes learned.

Thy judgments, Lord ! are right, I know,
In friendship hast Thou sent me woe ;
Thy word fulfil, Thy servant's mind
Pray comfort with Thy favour kind.

30

GREAT Thy works and wonderful,
God Almighty, whom we praise !
King who dost the nations rule !
Just and true Thy ways.
Who shall Thee, Lord ! not revere,
Nor give glory to Thy name ?
Holy Thou, to be Thy peer,
Who may ever claim ?
Nations all shall come and bow
Humbly down before Thy throne ;
For Thy righteous judgments now
Are made clearly known.

38

O EVER-LIVING, all-pervading Mind !
Who hast revealed Thyself to us mankind,
As our benignant Father, in Thy Christ,
Jesus our Lord—who also sanctifiest
Our spirits by Thy Holy Spirit, we,
Thy grateful children, would ascribe to Thee
All honour, glory, power, dominion, praise ;
For good and kind art Thou in all Thy ways.

Thy wondrous works all other works transcend,
And through the boundless universe extend ;
Thy careful providence these all engage,
Throughout immensity, from age to age.
Thou, when we all had into error strayed,
Sent Jesus Christ to give us needful aid.
Thee, Father ! for this mercy we adore,
And will, in love, obey Thee evermore.

39

O WHO is like Thee, King Divine !
Or where are any works like Thine ?
Who may with Thee, O Lord ! compare,
Or who Thy praise and honour share ?
So glorious in Thy holiness,
In praises so sublime,
Performing marvels numberless
In every age and clime.

40

PRAISE our God with adoration,
By His grace to us endeared,
Which with tidings of salvation
Unto all men hath appeared—
Teaching us, by clearer light,
How to think and live aright.



Godly, soberly, denying
 Worldly and perverse desire—
 All ungodliness, and trying
 Truth and virtue to acquire—
 God, our Father, to obey,
 Till this world shall pass away.

Looking toward that prospect cheering,
 Which we trustfully await—
 Blissful hope ! the re-appearing
 Of the glory of the great
 Living God, o'er all the highest—
 Of our Saviour Jesus Christ,

Who, that we might cease from sinning,
 Gave Himself for us to die,
 To Himself a people winning,
 Whom His love might purify,
 Subject to His special rule,
 Of a zeal for goodness full.

41

CHIRST our King shall surely come,
 When the ages reach their sum ;
 He shall o'er us ever reign,
 When our bodies we regain—
 When by fire all purified,
 Earth, renewed and beautified,
 Rendered by His presence heaven,
 Shall as our abode be given.

Chorus.

Christians ! will it not be glorious !
 Over death to rise victorious.

While such things we hope to see,
What should our behaviour be ?
Let us patiently endure
Till our hope be rendered sure.
Godly, honest, truthful, kind,
Let us wait with watchful mind,
Till to each our Father say—
“ Leave, my son ! thy house of clay.”

Chorus.

Christians ! will it not be glorious ?
Over death to rise victorious.

Tho' we must, like all of those
Gone before, a while repose,
To awake us Christ shall come,
When the ages reach their sum.
Then our spirits God, with new,
Glorious bodies, will indue,
Which undying shall remain—
Such the hope we entertain.

Chorus.

Christians ! will it not be glorious ?
Over death to rise victorious.

42

EXTOL the Father of our Lord,
The ever-living God ;
His mercies manifold record,
His mighty deeds applaud.

When Christ from death and gloomy grave
He raised to reign on high,
Our souls a lively hope He gave
That they should never die.



Songs of the Soul:

For an inheritance to look
 He taught us by this sign—
 One that shall ne'er corruption brook,
 Nor fading e'er decline.

As pilgrims, guarded by His might,
 In faith we onward go,
 Waiting till Jesus shall the light
 Of His salvation show.

43

SHALL I feel shame my Lord to own—
 Beneath His cross to bend ?
 No, in my heart is fixed His throne,
 His cause will I defend.

I know in whom I have believed—
 Jesus, the Christ of God ;
 In this I cannot be deceived,
 Or here suspect a fraud.

All I intrust to Him is sure
 In safety to remain,
 By His protection kept secure,
 Till He shall come again.

His servant He will not contemn,
 But, with a smile benign,
 Will in the new Jerusalem
 A place to me assign.

44

“ **S**OULS of men ! from death awake ye,
 Into life eternal rise ;
 New and glorious bodies take ye—
 Hearing ears and seeing eyes.”

Thus His people will our Father
Summon at the latter day,
As by trumpet monarchs gather
All their armies in array.

Tho' our spirits death shall sever
From these bodies fraught with pain,
We shall not all sleep for ever,
But shall break his thralling chain.
God shall in a moment change us,
In the twinkling of an eye,
And before His Christ arrange us,
Who His own will justify.

Trumpet-like, His word shall rouse us
From the slumber of the tomb,
And in deathless bodies house us
At the day of final doom—
This corruptible attaining
Incorruption absolute—
For this mortal body gaining
An immortal substitute.

Thus shall be fulfilled this saying—
“Victory has swallowed death;”
Ceased for evermore his preying
On all breathing vital breath.
Where, O death ! thy sting appalling
Which thy terrors to thee gave—
Terrors that were soul-enthralling ?
Where thy victory, O grave ?

Death ! thy darts are sin and error,
And their strength is in the law ;
These, the sources of our terror,
Make us look on thee with awe.
Blest be God, who ever liveth,
Be His name by all adored,
Over thee to us He giveth
Victory, thro’ Christ our Lord.

Songs of the Soul:

45

TO Him that loved us, and in blood
Hath cleansed us—even His own—
Making us kings and priests to God,
Before His Father's throne—
To Him let every tongue and tribe
Unite in thankful praise—
Dominion, glory, power, ascribe
Thro' everlasting days.

46

SALVATION to our God,
Who sitteth on the throne;
The Lamb's salvation laud,
Whose wounds for sin atone.
Blessing and glory we
Render with thanks to Thee—
Ascribing power and might
Wisdom and honour bright,
To God whom we adore,
Now, henceforth, evermore.

Amen.

47

IT is pleasant, every evening,
Praises to our God to sing—
Every morning to adore Thee,
Gracious Father! Heavenly King!
While our spirits with our voices
Blent in harmony unite,
May our praises, tho' unworthy,
Find acceptance in Thy sight.

48

LET all that by my lips, O Lord !
Has now been uttered—every word—
With Thee find gracious favour ;
For such Thou hast declared to be
Far more acceptable to Thee,
Than offerings of sweet savour.

May all the musings of my mind,
The thoughts which can no utterance find—
My secret meditations—
Be such as more delight afford
To Thee, my Rock ! Redeemer ! Lord !
Than costliest oblations.



Songs of the Soul:

SECOND SERIES.





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Songs of the Soul:

PHILOSOPHICAL,
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49



OULD we, ascending toward the stars,
Alight upon the planet Mars,
And thence, with telescopic eye,
This world with her attendant spy—
Into oblivion could we throw
All our experience here below,
While reason should intact remain,
What musings might we entertain !

While we the glorious sight survey,
Should we not feel inclined to say :—
“ Surely the All-designing Mind
Must, in His wisdom, have assigned
So bright and beauteous an abode,
To those on whom He has bestowed
Intelligence to learn His ways,
And yield Him thankful, loving praise.”

But this surmise, while partly true,
 Is gilded by the distant view ;
 For tho' beheld from ruddy Mars,
 Our world appears among the stars
 A heavenly realm, too well we know
 That, nearer viewed, it is not so,
 But in its moral aspect quite,
 Or very near, the opposite.

Man having so perversely used
 The free-will into him infused,
 That death is now his only gate
 Of entrance to the heavenly state ;
 And toward that gate he must, alas !
 Thro' paths beset with sorrows pass -
 Sufferings upon himself entailed,
 By having in obedience failed.

Nevertheless, he is not left
 Of comfort and good hope bereft ;
 He may look forward to a time,
 When, purified from human crime—
 From death, disease and sorrow freed,
 His dwelling shall become indeed
 A heavenly realm among the stars,
 Bright in the sky beheld from Mars.

50

WHOMO poised the waters in His hand,
 And who the heavenly arches spanned ?
 Who earth's dust in a measure laid ?
 Who in His scales the mountains weighed,
 And in His balance placed the hills ?
 His thick cloud He with waters fills,
 And while aloft he keeps them pent,
 The cloud is not beneath them rent.

His throne doth He from view withhold,
In His thick cloud its face infold.
A line He draws the waters round,
Where day and night approach their bound.
Amazed, the pillars of high heaven
Tremble when His reproofs are given.
His power and might the sea divide,
His understanding crushes pride.

To yonder heavens of azure pure
His spirit gave their garniture ;
Yon starry Serpent twining there !
Its bendings did His hand prepare.
These of His ways are outlines mere ;
How little of Him do we hear !
While of His power the thunder grand
What human mind can understand ?

51

WORTHY art Thou that every tribe
And tongue to Thee, Lord ! should ascribe
Honour and glory, power and might,
Since Thine alone are these of right ;
For all things owe to Thee their birth,
Whether in heaven or on the earth—
Created by Thy sovereign will,
Thy pleasure, Lord ! upholds them still.

The earth's great mass Thy wisdom weighed,
And her foundations deeply laid ;
The laws that rule the orbs of heaven
Were by Thine understanding given.
O'er vastness didst Thou, Lord ! extend
The north—in emptiness suspend
The earth, with darkness still, profound,
As with a curtain, wrap Thee round.

Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit, lo !
Creation teems—a vital glow
Pervades all nature, and the earth
Travails each day anew in birth.

Thou, Lord my God ! art very great,
 Majesty is Thy robe of state,
 Honour Thy stole, Thy garment bright
 Infolding Thee is radiant light.

The day is Thine, the night is Thine ;
 The heavens to tell Thy glory shine ;
 The firmament, the azure sky
 Thy skill all-knowing testify.
 The ocean's waters as a heap
 Thou gatherest—treasuring the deep
 As in a store ; the sea is Thine,
 Thou mad'st it with its wholesome brine.

Also the dry and solid land
 Was fashioned by Thy skilful hand ;
 Grass for the cattle mak'st Thou grow,
 And herb for man dost Thou bestow.
 The glorious sun, with genial ray,
 Thou giv'st to glorify the day ;
 The moon and stars with fainter light
 Hast Thou ordained to cheer the night.

Thy works, O Lord, how manifold !
 Thy wise designs have these unrolled.
 The earth is from Thy wealth supplied,
 Also the ocean great and wide,
 In whose recesses, dark and deep,
 Are things that swim and glide and creep—
 Creatures innumerable small
 And great, by Thee created all.

The beasts that in the forest hide,
 That roam the field or mountain side,
 The herds that browse, the beast that kills,
 The cattle on a thousand hills—
 All, Lord ! are Thine. The birds that soar
 O'er mountain tops Thine eyes explore.
 The wild-beast, in his secret den,
 Eludes not Thine observant ken.

I also to Thy Spirit owe
My being; life didst Thou bestow
Upon me, for this breath of mine,
O God Almighty! came from Thine.
Thou, Lord! preservest man and beast;
All, from the greatest to the least,
Await Thy gifts; each creature lives
Only on what Thy bounty gives.

52

GOD is our refuge, strength and might—
A present help in evil plight;
We therefore shall no terror feel,
Altho' the earth with trembling reel—
Tho' overthrown the mountains be
Into the bosom of the sea,
Altho' its raging waters roar,
Its billows thunder on the shore—

Altho' its rising surges make
The solid, massive mountains shake—
Altho' the fig-tree blossom not,
The vine be with no clusters fraught,—
Altho' no oil the olive yield,
No grain be gathered from the field,
The flock all perish from the fold,
The empty stalls no cattle hold—

I yet will trust th' Eternal God,
In Him rejoice, His mercy laud,
In His salvation comfort find,
And so preserve a tranquil mind.
Altho' my foes encamped I see,
My heart shall keep from terror free,
Tho' war against me drive its tide,
In this one thing will I confide.

My trust in God will I repose,
 Nor fear the wrath of human foes;
 For me, when troubrous times betide,
 In His pavilion He will hide.
 The tabernacle of His grace
 Shall be my secret hiding-place ;
 He will upraise me on a rock,
 Secure from every hostile shock.

How great the goodness Thou hast stored
 For those revering Thee, O Lord !
 Reserved for those who trust in Thee,
 That their Protector men may see.
 Such in Thy secret presence hide
 Wilt Thou from scorn of human pride,
 And from the tongues which striving chafe
 In Thy pavilion keep them safe.

53

O UR musings what should occupy ?
 The stars which throng the vaulted sky ?
 'Tis well we should, from time to time,
 Contemplate that array sublime ;
 For these, tho' voiceless to the ear,
 Inform the eye, by signals clear,
 That One Almighty and All-wise
 Hath thus adorned the azure skies.

The ocean, with its swelling waves,—
 The earth, its mountains, rocks and caves,
 With minerals and metals fraught,
 Should these engross our every thought ?
 'Tis fitting that we should on such
 Bestow attention—not too much—
 For evidences in them lie
 Of wonders wrought in times gone by.

They tell of creatures made by God,
Long ere mankind the earth had trod,
How seas and lands were interchanged,
Their lines by fire and ice arranged.
How ancient men, of manners rude,
Had law and order's curb withheld,
And spurning rule, despising art,
Preferred to live in caves apart.

Should men, inquisitive and sage,
Let matter all their thoughts engage ?
Should atom, molecule and force
Engross their musings and discourse ?
Should the magnetic energy,
Or powerful electricity—
Should gravitation, heat and light—
Its spectra beautiful and bright—

The undulations yielding sound,
Unfolding mysteries profound,
Enabling man his thoughts to tell,
And so all creatures else excel ?
On these let sages meditate—
Their origin investigate ;
For in them will they surely find
Full proofs of One Designing Mind.

The world of plants and shrubs and trees,
Of herbage, flowers and fruits,—should these
Their modes of growth, their forms, their hues,
Be all on which we ought to muse ?
Our contemplation let them share,
(Tho' not engross;) for they declare
That, by their aspect, men may know
They did not from mere matter grow.

That kingdom which embraces all
Organic beings, great and small,
Which 'animals' our sages name,
Shall it our chief attention claim ?

That molluscs, fishes, reptiles, birds,
 The wild-beasts and the timid herds,
 From the amœba up to man,
 We may in fitting order scan—

That in the scale to every race
 We may assign its proper place,
 Their tissues with their functions learn,
 And their relations thus discern ?
 'Tis well these things should occupy
 Much of his thoughts who, with an eye
 Undimmed by theoretic views,
 Can observation rightly use.

For he can be no sage who fails
 To see how wise design prevails
 In all the structures he observes—
 Veins, arteries, membranes, muscles, nerves.
 In action these should he survey,
 Intention would each act betray,
 And thence his reason will assign
 To all an Origin Divine.

Varieties of speech and phrase,
 In ancient, or in modern days—
 The subtleties of tense and mood,
 As by grammarians understood—
 How languages arise and grow,
 The changes which they undergo—
 Should these our faculties employ,
 And would they yield the student joy ?

To some they would ; but let them not
 Absorb too much of time and thought,
 For only ways and means are these
 Whereby each other's thoughts we seize.
 To study language still is well,
 For tongues of human progress tell :
 While speech is God's appointed plan
 For making known His will to man.

But who can too much thought bestow
On'what 'tis best for man to know—
Eternal truth, and whatsoe'er
Is pure and honest, right and fair—
All that to loving-kindness tends,
Whate'er as good the just commands ?
Of praise or virtue is there aught ?
Let these employ our deepest thought.

54

TH' Eternal is for ever kind
To those who His good pleasure wait—
To every soul that is inclined
To seek His mercy great.

Well therefore is it for a man
To hope, while waiting patiently
Th' unfolding of God's gracious plan
Of Christ's salvation free—

Continuing to persevere
In supplicating, fervent prayer—
Prayer in the Spirit, with sincere
Reliance on His care.

God is a Spirit, so that all
Who worship Him must do that same
In spirit and in truth, and call
Sincerely on His name.

Truly my soul on God alone
Waits till her hopes attain their sum ;
From Him who fills the Heavenly throne
Shall my salvation come.

Yes, with the spirit I will pray—
Pray with the understanding too ;
Lord ! hear my words, their import weigh,
My inmost thoughts review.

My King ! my God ! do hear my cry,
 And while I pray to Thee attend ;
 In mercy to my soul draw nigh,
 An answer kindly send.

* * * *The nine following bear reference to the Clauses
 of the Lord's Prayer.*

55

LO ! Christians ! how supreme our bliss !
 And what amazing love is this,
 The Father sheds abroad,
 That we should be, With pardon free,
 Proclaimed the sons of God !

We, tho' to Abraham unknown,
 Tho' Israel our race disown,
 God as our Father claim—
 As Sire adore, And evermore
 Our great Redeemer name.

Why didst Thou e'er permit us, Lord !
 To wander into ways abhorred,
 And not to Thine adhere,
 But to depart With hardened heart
 From walking in Thy fear ?

O God of hosts ! in mercy deign
 To turn us from those follies vain
 Which we erewhile have craved ;
 O cause to shine Thy face benign,
 And we shall then be saved.

56

WE to Thee uplift our eyes,
 Thou who dwell'st above the skies ;
 For, O God Eternal ! Thou,
 At whose footstool we would bow,
 Art above the earth extremely
 High enthroned, by angels praised.
 O'er all other gods supremely
 Thou aloft art raised.

Lo ! what regions will suffice,
In the heavens beyond the skies,
Thee, Eternal ! to contain ?
Universal is Thy reign.
From of old, before creation,
Firmly seated on Thy throne,
Thou of infinite duration
Art possessed alone.

What is man, that Thou, O King !
Shouldst exalt so vain a thing—
And, despite the thankless part
He has acted, let Thy heart
Take delight in him—unto him
Every morning drawing nigh—
That Thou shouldst each moment view him
And his doings try ?

There is not a god, we know,
Either in the earth below,
Or throughout the heavens above,
Like to Thee, O God of love !
Who, with all whose hearts adore Thee,
Keep'st Thy covenant of grace,
Who to those, who walk before Thee,
Show'st a smiling face.

Lord ! Thy tender mercies all
Now to Thy remembrance call,
Nor Thy kindly love withhold,
Manifested from of old ;
From Thy holy habitation,
On Thy worshippers look down,
And their God-ward aspiration
With Thy blessing crown.

STANDING, let us bless our God,
Even th' Eternal, evermore,
While His wonders we applaud,
And His love adore.

Let us reverently exclaim—
Hallow'd be Thy glorious name,
Over all, or blest or praised,
Infinitely raised.

Thou, even Thou art Lord alone ;
Heaven above us Thou hast made—
Fixed in highest heaven Thy throne
And their hosts arrayed.
Earth and sea Thou mad'st ; Thy care
These and all within them share,
And to Thee is worship given
By the orbs of heaven.

O Eternal ! God our Lord !
How surpassing great Thy name,
All the earth throughout adored,
Peerless in its fame !
Far above the heavenly spheres,—
All that to the eye appears—
Thou hast high Thy glory raised—
Made Thy name be praised.

All the nations, ruled by Thee,
Shall to worship Thee draw nigh,
And Thy name shall reverently
Join to glorify.
For Thy greatness who can tell ?
Lord ! Thy wonders all excel ;
Seated on Thy lofty throne,
Thou art God alone.

Quicken us, O Lord ! and we
Will Thy holy name invoke ;
Graciously receive us—free
From transgression's yoke.
So our grateful lips will talk
Of Thy glory ; in our walk,
We will evermore proclaim
God th' Eternal's name

58

GOD our Father let us bless,
Rendering to Him thankful praise,
Who hath pitied our distress,
While we groped in froward ways,
Who hath into freedom called
Us who were in darkness thralled,
Into His own Kingdom won
By His well belovèd Son.

That, as sin to death hath reigned,
So, thro' grace, might righteousness
Reign to life eternal, gained
By Christ Jesus whom we bless.
Let us walk that worthy way
God approves, and Him obey,
In His kingdom now installed,
Who hath us to glory called.

I will Thee, my God ! extol,
And Thy name, Almighty King !
While eternal ages roll,
I will bless with thanksgiving—
Yea Thy Majesty Supreme
And its honour make my theme,
Laud its glory, and the fame
Of Thy wondrous works proclaim.

All Thy works so wonderful,
 Shall to praise Thee, Lord ! unite ;
 Saints, obedient to Thy rule,
 Shall in blessing Thee delight.
 Of Thy kingdom, mighty King !
 And its glory shall they sing,
 And shall of Thy power, the source
 Of all energy, discourse.

Mighty God ! Thy kingly throne
 Was established from of old ;
 Thou Thyself didst live alone,
 While the ages were untold.
 God is He who is my King,
 For salvation governing
 In the midst of all the earth,
 Ere the nations had their birth ;
 And the Lord, delivering me,
 'Mid all evils, from their sum
 Will protect and keep me free,
 Till His heavenly kingdom come.
 One the Lord, and one His name,
 He, as King, all earth shall claim ;
 For His title are these words—
 'King of kings, and Lord of lords.'

59

IN heaven for ever is Thy word
 Established on foundations sure ;
 From age to age, O righteous Lord !
 Unchangeable it shall endure.
 Thousands untold, awaiting Thy command,
 Yea countless myriads, in Thy presence, stand.

Thy angels, strong and resolute,
 Who in their present God rejoice,
 Thy righteous mandates execute,
 Attentive ever to Thy voice.
 Thy hosts in vast array before Thy view,
 As ministers Thy holy pleasure do.

Thou, Lord ! arising in Thy might,
The earth shalt into judgment bring ;
All nations claiming as Thy right,
Thou shalt inherit them as King.
And when Thy power Thou shovest, in that day,
Thy people shall right willingly obey.

Then all on earth, as now in heaven,
Shall Thée, O God ! with reverence view ;
By every people shall be given
To Thy great name its glory due.
All nations, Lord ! shall come before Thy throne,
And worship Thee who holy art alone.

Teach me Thy will, let me abide
In it, O God whom I confess !
Good is Thy Spirit, be my guide
Into the land of uprightness.
That I to do Thy will may take delight,
Thy law upon my heart, O Father ! write.

60

L ET us for perishable food
Nor labour nor engage in strife,
But seek that better, which is good
To fit us for eternal life—
Craving that genuine bread from heaven
Which is by God our Father given—
God's heaven-descended food—that living bread
Sent to revive the world in spirit dead—

Even Christ, to whom those drawing near
Shall never hunger, and in whom
Those having faith need never fear
That burning thirst shall be their doom ;
Because the water, He bestows,
Becomes a stream that ever flows—
A fountain never ceasing to ascend,
High springing into life that knows no end.

This bread did God our Father give;
 It came from heaven, an ample store;
 Who eats it shall for ever live;
 This bread give us, Lord! evermore.
 In Thee more joy my heart has found,
 Than theirs whose corn and wine abound.
 Not meat and drink God's kingdom; it can boast
 Uprightness, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost.

61

LORD! hear; free pardon, Lord! bestow,
 Give ear and do; Thy mercy shew;
 Thy saving grace, O God! provide,
 Us into peaceful ways to guide,
 That quietly and peaceably
 We may with one another live,
 In godliness and honesty,
 Forbearing, ready to forgive.

May we show mercy to our foe,
 A blessing for each curse bestow,
 Toward those who hate us good display,
 For spiteful persecutors pray—
 As children of our Father, who
 Makes rising sun and falling rain
 On those who good and evil do,
 On just, unjust, on meek and vain.

Chide me not in Thy wrath, O God!
 Nor in Thine anger lift Thy rod;
 For my misdeeds—a burden dread,
 Too heavy for me,—bow my head.
 All my desire before Thee lies,
 Not hid from Thee my inward grecan;
 My errors I will not disguise,
 But mine iniquities bemoan.

Deliver me O Lord ! from all
My trespasses, nor few nor small ;
Save me, that with devotion deep,
Thy testimonies I may keep.
I tremble, seized by fear intense,
 My horror is a whelming shock ,
But God the Lord is my defence,
 He of my refuge is the rock—

The Lordthe, God of mercy, who
Is gracious and long-suffering too,
Whose goodness and whose truth abound,
In whcm have thousands mercy found.
And nigh is His salvation sure
 To those who fear Him, and the blood
Of Christ His son will render pure
 Our souls from sin—a cleansing flood.

62

FROM harassing temptations those,
 Who godly live, th' Eternal knows
How to deliver. Faithful He,
Who will not suffer us to be
Beyond resistance tempted ; sure
 Means of escape will He provide,
That we the trial may endure
 And by His laws abide.

No evil ever can prevail
God with temptation to assail ;
Neither does God His creatures tempt ;
Yet men He keeps not quite exempt
From trial ; for their lusts and cares,
 Oft times enticing them away,
Expose them to temptation's snares
 And lead them far astray.

Conceiving, lust gives sin her breath ;
 When ripened, sin produces death.
 How blest the man whom faith assures—
 Who thus temptation well endures !
 His trials having reached their close,
 The crown of life shall he receive,
 Which God hath promised to all those
 Who love Him and believe.

O God ! from every sinful lust
 Preserve me, for in Thee I trust,
 And suffer not iniquity
 To have dominion over me.
 My footsteps order in Thy word ;
 Uphold my goings in Thy way ;
 Let me not trip or slide O Lord !
 Nor into by-paths stray.

Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
 Thou who, from every hostile blow,
 Dost save by Thy right-hand all those
 Who in Thy love their trust repose.
 Even as the apple of the eye
 Preserve me ; shelter to afford,
 Expand Thy wings, and let me lie
 Beneath their shadow, Lord !

63

TH' Eternal reigns supreme ;
 Let every people kneel ;
 He sits between the cherubim,
 The earth shall quaking reel.
 The watery floods the Lord obey ;
 As King for ever bears He sway.
 Th' Eternal reigns enrobed in majesty,
 A mighty God, a King above all gods is He.

Th' Eternal reigns in might,
Let all the earth rejoice,
The multitude of isles unite
In one exulting voice.
With gladsome music let them sing
Before th' Eternal God, the King.
Let all the righteous joyful hymns employ,
Before Him let them sing 'with a surpassing joy—

Saying—Eternal God !
God of our fathers, lo !
Do not the heavens obey Thy nod ?
Do we not surely know
That o'er the heathen kingdoms Thou
Dost rule ? They must before Thee bow.
Is there not power to sway them in Thy hand,
For Thy resistless might who can O Lord ! withstand ?

God rules as Lord Supreme
The kingdoms of mankind,
To whom He may most fitting deem
They are by Him assigned.
By power He bears eternal sway,
His eyes the nations all survey.
His signs how great ! His deeds how wonderful !
From age to age endure His kingdom and His rule.

Of silver or of gold
Are heathen idols all—
Man's manufacture, bought and sold,
Most surely doomed to fall.
Whereas our God is no such thing,
But Lord of hosts, of glory King :
No idol false, the God of truth is He—
The everliving God, King of Eternity.

GOD now hath this commandment sent—
 “Let all men everywhere repent;”
 Because He hath a day assigned,
 To bring to judgment all mankind
 In righteousness, to be arraigned
 Before that Man by Him ordained,
 As He to all hath witnessèd,
 By having raised Him from the dead.

The sayings these of God and true,—
 For judgment set before our view,
 And for correction spread abroad
 By Thee, O Lord Almighty God !
 Thine eyes, O Lord ! are far too pure
 The sight of evil to endure ;
 Iniquity they cannot brook,
 Nor on it, save with hatred, look.

But we are all a thing unclean,
 Our virtues rags defiled and mean ;
 As leaves we fade, as by the gale
 Drifted are we—thro’ error frail.
 Help, for the glory of Thy name,
 We, God of our salvation ! claim.
 Deliver us, and purge away
 Our sins, for Thy name’s sake, we pray.

Since not for our own righteousness
 Our supplications we address
 To Thee, Lord ! but because we know
 Thy tender mercies overflow.
 The Lord, ordaining for us peace,
 Will cause our troubles all to cease ;
 For we to Thee, Lord ! as we ought,
 Ascribe the whole work in us wrought.

My soul shall in my God be glad ;
For I am with salvation clad
As with a garment ; for my dress
He gives a robe of righteousness.
He makes me like a bridegroom gay
Decked grandly for his nuptial day,
Or like a bride whose jewels rare
Enhance the beauty of the fair.

65

GREAT God inspiring reverence deep !
Who dost Thy gracious covenant keep
With those who love Thee and observe
Thy just commands, nor from them swerve,
Sinn'd have we, and iniquity
Have we committed—wickedly
The reverence due to Thee withheld,
And against Thee, O Lord ! rebelled.—

Departing from Thy judgments, Lord !
And from the precepts of Thy word ;
Thy voice, Lord ! we have disobeyed—
From walking in Thy statutes strayed.
But mercies, Lord our God benign !
And pardons freely given are Thine :
Altho' we have 'gainst Thee rebelled,
And from Thee reverence due withheld.

'Tis of the mercies of the Lord
That we are not, as things abhorred,
Consumed—because, while we are frail,
His kind compassions never fail.
These, Lord ! are every morning new,
Refreshing us like early dew ;
Great also is Thy faithfulness
To those who seek Thee 'mid distress.

66

MY spirit sinks ; my days gone by,
 The grave awaits me or the urn ;
 My days are numbered, then shall I
 Go whence I never can return.
 My days are past—to nothing brought
 My purposes, my every thought ;
 Wait I ?—my house is in the ground,
 My bed thick darkness shall surround.

I to corruption shall have cried—
 ‘Thou art my father, I avow,’
 And to the worm I lie beside—
 ‘My mother and my sister Thou.’
 With Thee, Lord ! may we early find,
 To satisfy us, mercy kind,
 That though our days have ending sad,
 We may enjoy them and be glad.

Like all our fathers, strangers we
 And sojourners to Thee appear :
 Our days like passing shadows flee,
 And there is no abiding here.
 To one place hastening, go we must ;
 We, dust-made, shall return to dust ;
 No man can bid his spirit stay,
 Or ward off death when comes his day.

Teach us our days to number so,
 That wisdom we may strive to learn ;
 Give me my length of days to know,
 That I my frailty may discern.
 Lo ! Thou hast made my days a span ;
 To Thee is nought the age of man ;
 How short my time is call to mind ;
 Hast Thou in vain made all mankind ?

What man, of all those now alive,
The gates of death shall never see ?
His soul can any one contrive
From durance in the tomb to free ?
But from the fetters of the grave
My soul will God benignly save—
Me from that dungeon dark relieve,
And to Himself in bliss receive.

67

B E merciful to me, O God !
Be merciful and spare the rod,
Because I trust in Thee ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
My soul to Thee her refuge clings,
Until these troubles flee.

I will to Thee, O God Most High !
Performing all things for me, cry ;
O hear me, gracious Lord !
As Thou art loving, kind and good,
Of mercies great in multitude,
Returning, help afford.

Thy count'nce from me do not hide,
For over me great troubles tide,
O hear me speedily !
I cleave to God, who tow'rd Him draws
My soul, I would commit my cause
To God implicitly—

Who doth such mighty things for us,
Unsearchable and marvellous,
Which reckoning exceed.
Why should a living man repine—
A man when punishment condign
O'ertakes his guilty deed ?

What ! shall we at the hand of God
 Take good, and when He lifts the rod,
 Exclaim against the stroke ?
 Yea, tho' He slay me, yet will I
 Upon His mercy still rely ;
 His name will I invoke—

Saying, when troubles come anew,—
 “ It is the Lord, so let Him do,
 As He may fitting think ;
 The cup my Father, throned in Heaven,
 For me to drink, hath to me given,
 Shall I refuse to drink ? ”

Why downcast, O my soul ! art thou ?
 And wherefore so discouraged now ?
 Why wince beneath the rod ?
 Confide in God, extol His grace,
 For He with health renews my face,
 Who only is my God.

68

ETERNAL ! I will praise Thy name ;
 For, when I had incurred Thy blame,
 Thy righteous ire didst Thou repress,
 And comfort me in my distress.

Lo ! God is my protecting shield,
 My trust shall not to terror yield ;
 Th' Eternal is my refuge strong—
 My Saviour—burden of my song.

Because Thy wings have given me aid,
 I will delight me in their shade.
 My soul strives hard to follow Thee ;
 For Thy right-hand upholdeth me.

Whenever fears my heart assail
To trust in Thee I will not fail;
For Thou hast given the poor redress—
Sustained the needy in distress.

A shadow art Thou from the heat,
And from the storm a safe retreat,
When terrors, which the soul appal,
Drive like the blast against a wall.

69

BEHOLD how Jesus was oppressed—
How by affliction sore distressed,
And yet He ne'er repined;
Tho' as a lamb to slaughter led—
As a sheep to be shorn—His head
He silently inclined.

Lo ! the transgressions of us all—
The sins that did our souls appal—
On Him the Lord hath laid.
The griefs of all of us who mourn—
Yea, all our sorrows He hath borne
Which had our hearts dismayed.

'Twas our transgressions wounded Him,
The rod that bruised His every limb,
Did our injustice wield ;
On Him the chastisement that gains
Our peace was laid, and by His pains
And stripes have we been healed.

Without a murmur or a groan,
He sits in silence and alone,
Because our sin He bears ;
He to the smiter turns His cheek,
While enemies reproaches speak,
Not one His feelings spares.

For He thought fit, for whom are all,
 By whom are all, when out of thrall
 He would to glory bring
 Full many sons, to make the Chief
 Who brought salvation and relief
 Perfect thro' suffering.

Tho' in us still are sorrows found,
 In Christ our comforts more abound,
 Who ne'er committed sin,
 Whose mouth was wholly free from guile,
 Who, when reviled, did ne'er revile—
 Far less such scorn begin—

Who, when exposed to sufferings sore,
 From threatening peacefully forebore,
 Nor evil did requite ;
 But, mindful of His God's command,
 Resigned Himself into the hand
 Of Him that judgeth right—

Who thus a good example gave,
 That we, as He did, might behave ;
 For Christ has to the rod
 For sin submitted patiently—
 The just for us unjust, that He
 Might bring us back to God.

70

THIS Man—our Saviour Jesus Christ—
 Was truly Son of God the Highest ;
 Yet reputation did He throw
 Aside—to service stooping low—
 And, being in man's fashion found,
 Of precious life sustained the loss ;
 Tho' for such fate He gave no ground,
 He died upon the cross—

Who all our sins, the very worst,
Himself upon that tree accurst,
In His own body meekly bore,
That we might trespass never more—
That, being wholly dead to sin,
We, erst so ready to transgress,
Should cease to persevere therein,
And live to righteousness.

For as, when one man disobeyed,
Full many men were sinners made,
Even so shall one's obedience pure
Full many righteous men secure.
When law among us took its place,
Offences to increase were found :
But while sins thus abounded, grace
Did greatly more abound.

Who then shall accusation lay
'Gainst those elected to obey ?
'Tis God Himself that justifies,
Who to condemn shall hold assize ?
'Twas Christ that died—yea rather rose,
Who stands at God's right-hand to plead,
And by His sufferings, wounds and woes,
For us to intercede. .

TIS written—let us hear with awe—
That curst with overwhelming blame
Is he, who, knowing well the law,
Observes it not to keep the same.
But thanks to God we are absolved
From every curse the law involved—
Guiltless thro' Jesus Christ esteemed,
Who was for us accursed deemed.

They brook no condemnation fresh
 Whose hearts in Jesus Christ abide,
 Who seek not to indulge the flesh,
 But take the Spirit for their guide.
 For all they, who in Christ believe,
 The law in Him fulfilled receive ;
 His righteousness is reckoned theirs,
 Each one of them the blessing shares.

In sin, then, shall we persevere,
 That further grace be on us shed ?
 No, let our life from sin be clear,
 Since we, thro' Christ to sin are dead.
 Yes, let the Spirit guide our will,
 Nor let us fleshly lust fulfil ;
 Not to uncleanness are we thralled ;
 To holiness have we been called.

We are, in Christ, God's workmanship,
 Created unto pre-ordained
 Good ways, that we, without a slip,
 Should walk in them by love constrained.
 Having in Christ the Lord our root,
 Let us bring forth abundant fruit,
 While we, by faith, to Jesus cling,
 And grow in grace with thanksgiving.

72

BEHOLD the stone, which the builders spurned,
 Into the chief of the corner turned ;
 This work did the Lord Himself devise,
 And it is wonderful in our eyes.
 The sayings of God and true are these,
 Whom, we are told, it would greatly please,
 That men should all salvation obtain,
 And in the truth enlightenment gain.

For there is no other God but one,
While between God and man there is none
But one Mediator—even the Man
Christ Jesus; for the appointed plan
Is that salvation, on any ground,
Should not in other than Christ be found;
For among men there is, under heaven,
No other name for saving us given.

73

THUS to my Lord th' Eternal spake—
“At my right-hand shall be thy seat,
Until thine enemies I make
Submissive at thy feet.”
So that He must the sceptre sway,
Till all His foes His rule obey.

Yea Him hath God exalted highest—
A name above all names hath given
To Him, that in the name of Christ,
Even Jesus, all in heaven,
All on the earth, or that may be
Beneath the earth should bow the knee—

That every tongue should also own
And by confession recognise
That Jesus Christ is Lord alone
O'er all beneath the skies—
Giving to God the Father praise
And glory for His wondrous ways.

God never hath by human eyes
Been seen—the sole begotten Son,
Who in the Father's bosom lies,
Reveals that Holy One;
For in His body, Scripture tells,
The fulness of the Godhead dwells.

O BLEST be God our Father, who
 Our prayers will never spurn,
 Nor when we for His favour sue,
 His count'nance from us turn.
 Come listen ye who God revere,
 While we aloud declare
 What He hath done our souls to cheer
 And rescue from despair.

For while we, yet devoid of strength,
 Deemed hope and help denied,
 The time arriving, Christ, at length,
 For us ungodly died.
 One hardly would his life resign,
 A righteous man to save ;
 One, for a man of heart benign,
 Even death might haply brave.

But God His love to us displays
 In that, while slaves to sin
 We wandered in rebellious ways,
 Christ died our souls to win.
 Much more then, now that we have been
 From rigid justice freed,
 His blood will prove from wrath that screen
 Of which we stood in need.

For if we were, while rebel foes,
 To new obedience won,
 And God to reconcile us, chose
 The death of Christ His son,
 Much more shall we, now reconciled,
 Be saved from further strife,
 Since God hath on our Saviour smiled—
 Restoring Him to life.

75

B EHOLD the Lamb—the Lamb of God,
And His amazing love applaud,
Who, by His life for us resigned,
Removes the sins of all mankind.
With thanksgiving God's praises swell,
For this His gift unspeakable.

A High-priest hath to us been given
Beside the Majesty in heaven,
At the right-hand of that high throne
A holy minister, alone
In that true tabernacle which,
Not man, but God Himself did pitch.

For all we thro' the Spirit wait
Till we attain that righteous state
Which is of faith. We see no sign,
Not one among us can divine,
No prophet can with prescience strong,
Foresee or indicate how long—

But Jesus is before us laid,
Lower awhile than angels made,
That He, inhaling human breath,
Might, as a mortal, suffer death,
But now, with glory and renown,
Wearing an everlasting crown.

For Jesus Christ hath entered—not
Into the holy places wrought
By human hands, which we must view
As merely figures of the true—
But into heaven itself, and near
God's presence for us to appear.

For needful to us it became
To have a High-priest free from blame,

Holy and harmless, undefiled,
By sinful converse ne'er beguiled,
Who that we may toward Him aspire
Is than the heavens exalted higher.

Worthy the Lamb that once was slain ;
Let power be His, let wealth maintain
His cause—His kingdom to promote
All wisdom might and strength devote ;
For honour, glory and renown,
With blessing, are His rightful crown.

76

TH' Eternal all ye nations praise ;
All people joyful anthems raise ;
Because His mercies pure
And kindness toward us so abound ;
His truth moreover shall be found
For ever to endure.

His love was such that, men to save,
His sole-begotten Son He gave,
That all they who believe
And trust in Him should perish not,
But should, by being God-ward brought,
Eternal life receive.

For Him, who sin had never known,
As being sin Himself alone,
God reckoned in our place.
That we, the righteousness of God
In Him becoming, might applaud
The glory of His grace—

By which acceptance we obtain
In the Belovèd for us slain,
In whom we, thro' His blood,
Redemption and forgiveness find
For sin, according to the kind
And rich free grace of God.

So let us awe-struck sin no more;
But if we should, as oft before,
Commit the sin we hate,
We have, by God our Father's grace,
In Jesus Christ before His face,
A righteous advocate—

Who the propitiation full
For our misdeeds 'gainst law and rule
For evermore abides;
And, (as the holy scripture shows,)
Not for ours only, but for those
Of all the world besides.

77

EVER the mercies of the Lord,
Shall be the burden of my song;
His faithfulness will I record—
Thro' ages all the theme prolong.
Thy mercy great to me will I extol,
For Thou from deepest gloom hast raised my soul.

Temptations still my heart assail,
Against me also, I avow,
Iniquities do yet prevail;
But of compassions full art Thou,
O Lord ! Thou gracious and long-suffering God—
Truthful, and scattering mercies all abroad !

Thy people's great iniquity
Hast Thou forgiven, and covered all
Their sin hast Thou with pardon free.
Thou mad'st Thine anger cease to fall
On them, and didst Thy wrath from kindling stay,
And our transgressions wilt Thou sweep away.

For Christ's pure life didst Thou receive,
 Fulfilment of the law to meet—
 Availing all those who believe,
 As being a righteousness complete.
 I will go forward strong in God the Lord,
 Thy righteousness, Thine only, will record.

78

MAGNIFY the Lord, my soul !
 Let my spirit now extol
 God my Saviour, and employ
 In His praises songs of joy.
 All my heart shall give Thee praise,
 God Eternal ! and my voice
 Shall Thy wondrous works and ways
 Laud, while I in Thee rejoice.

Yea, Thy name, O Thou most high !
 I in song will magnify,
 And with music shall my soul
 Thee, Eternal God ! extol.
 For Thou hast upraised me, Lord !
 Into dancing turned my woe,
 Cast aside my garb abhorred,
 Made my heart with gladness glow—

That Thy praises may be sung
 By my glory-giving tongue—
 That it may not silent be,
 But be loud in lauding Thee.
 God Eternal ! while I live,
 Yea, henceforward evermore,
 I with grateful heart will give
 Thanks to Thee, whom I adore.

Ever-living God ! may all
 Seeking Thee—who on Thee call,
 Making Thee their only choice,
 Gladly in Thy name rejoice.

Let all such as in Thy grace,
 Lovingly, and checking pride,
Trust for their salvation place,
 Cry—"The Lord be magnified."

79

MY lips shall now of wisdom speak,
 My heart shall earnestly apply
Her meditations, and to seek
 Good understanding try.
But where, in all the world around,
 Shall wisdom certainly be found?
And in what place shall we descry
 This understanding sound?

Its value man can not appraise,
 Nor does it 'mong the living dwell;
The depth—"in me it is not," says,
 The sea the same will tell.
It is not bought with gold refined:
 Its price can never be assigned
In silver ingots—who would sell
 This treasure of the mind?

No gold of Ophir unalloyed
 Is used to value it aright,
Nor can the onyx be employed
 Nor yet the sapphire bright.
Its worth is infinitely more
 Than that of crystal or of ore,
For golden vessels who would plight
 Or sell this precious store?

The pearl, the coral need we name?
 To wisdom rubies are as naught;
To match it can no topaz claim
 From Ethiopia brought.

Then whence this wisdom ? can we trace
 Good understanding to its place ?
 By living eyes 'tis vainly sought—
 Even by the feathered race.

" We"—death and dark destruction say—
 " With listening ears have heard their fame"—
 God understandeth well their way,
 And can their sources name.
 For to earth's farthest ends He spies,
 Discerning all beneath the skies,
 The fury of the winds to tame,
 And check the waters' rise.

When for the rain He made decree,
 And traced out from the thunder-cloud
 The lightning's pathway, then did He
 Behold it, and aloud
 Proclaim it—causing man to hear—
 " Lo ! wisdom is the Lord to fear—
 To shun misdeeds and fancies proud
 Is understanding clear."

Does any one lack wisdom then ?
 Request it from the God of heaven,
 So liberal in His gifts to men,
 And wisdom will be given,
 Which in all richness shall abound,
 Conferring understanding sound,
 Which free from the debasing leaven
 Of error shall be found—

A knowledge, coming from the Highest,
 To penetrate that mystery deep
 Of God the Father, and of Christ,
 Who is ordained to keep,
 Within Him hid, a perfect mine
 Of wisdom, knowledge and design—
 A vast immeasurable heap—
 A treasury divine—

Who unto us of God is made
A righteousness complete and pure—
A mighty sanctifying aid,
Redemption to secure.
All wisdom which the world can gain,
As folly, meets from God disdain ;
Men's best acquirements deems He poor
And altogether vain.

80

B EHOLD ! how rich and deep a mine
The wisdom of the Mind Divine ?
God's knowledge who can learn ?
His judgments how inscrutable !
His ways !—who, strive he e'er so well,
Their wonders can discern ?

But having by His Spirit sealed
Our souls, God has Himself revealed
Those marvels to our minds ;
That Spirit searcheth secret things,
And into light dark mysteries brings—
God's deepest things it finds.

None what is in a man can know,
Unless his human spirit show
It to his fellow man ;
So no unaided human mind
What is in God could ever find—
God's Spirit only can.

Not from the world then has been gained
That spirit which we have obtained ;
It came to us from God—
His Spirit—that it might be seen
What gifts on us by Him have been
So freely shed abroad.

His Spirit helps our weakness too ;
 Because for what we ought to sue
 In prayer we hardly know ;
 But with our each unuttered groan
 He intercedes before the throne,
 And doth our longings show.

And while the Spirit acts this part,
 He, who examines every heart,
 Knows well the Spirit's mind ;
 Because for all the saints He pleads
 As God approves, and intercedes
 With mediation kind.

81

THAT in himself the way of man
 Is never found, O Lord ! I know ;
 No man that walketh ever can
 His footsteps guide aright to go ;
 But for the honour of Thy name, O Lord !
 Do Thou for me, and needful help afford.

Call to remembrance and fulfil
 Thy word on which my hopes rely ;
 O teach me, Lord ! to do Thy will,
 For art not Thou my God, Most-High ?
 How good Thy Spirit ! by its presence bless
 And lead me to the land of uprightness.

Quicken me in Thy kindness, Lord !
 That I may treasure, as I ought,
 The testimony of Thy word,
 For I can of myself do nought ;
 Helped by the Lord who made heaven, earth and sea,
 I can do all thro' Christ who strengthens me,

82

THE Lord our God be with us now,
As He of old was with our sires ;
His servants may He so endow
With willing hearts and good desires,
That walking in His ordered way,
We may His just commands obey,
And may with veneration deep,
His judgments and His statutes keep.—

That, having learnt our duty's sum,
We may yet more and more abound,
And to the true faith having come,
We may in oneness all be found.
Of God's Son may we knowledge gain,
Till we the perfect man attain—
That measure which we deem the highest—
The stature full of Jesus Christ.

Every encumbrance let us shun—
The easily besetting sin ;
The race before us let us run,
With patience, till the prize we win ;
And, while our journey we pursue,
Not cease to keep before our view
Christ Jesus, Author of our faith
And Finisher—as scripture saith—

Who, for the joy before His eyes,
Endured the torture of the cross ;
Its shame did He with scorn despise,
Nor deem His precious life a loss—
Who, of His Father's love assured,
The contradicting scoff endured,
But now sits—worthy He alone—
On the right-hand of God's high throne.



Nor let us be of weary mind,
 Or faint of heart, to cast away
 Our confidence, which we shall find
 An ample recompense repay.
 And patience truly we require,
 While we to this reward aspire;
 For God His promise will fulfil
 To those who do His holy will.

Nor less by us should be implored
 The God who heaven and earth has framed,
 The Father of our gracious Lord
 Christ Jesus, after whom are named
 All those who can be held to be
 Embraced in God's great family,
 Whether on earth they lingering dwell,
 Or live in heaven uncountable—

Praying that, from His precious store
 Of glory, He, who only can,
 Would of His Spirit on us pour
 To strengthen well the inner man—
 That Christ may in our hearts abide,
 That we, by faith, our roots may hide
 Deep in the soil of His great love,
 And may, with all the saints above,

Conceive, by this imparted strength,
 How great the love of Christ, altho'
 Its height, its depth, its breadth, its length,
 It baffles man's research to know—
 And may with all His wealth be full,
 Who is our God most bountiful—
 Rendering to Him, whom we adore,
 Honour and glory evermore.

83

THOU know'st that I would fain believe ;
Let nought, O Lord ! my heart deceive.
I, in the strength of God the Lord
Will onward go, and will record
Thy righteousness—yea only Thine—
How could I ever boast of mine ?
Ah me ! my feet unwary tripped ;
My steps, alas ! had nearly slipped.

For silly fools I envied, when
I saw how prosper wicked men ;
So foolish I and ignorant,
Of teaching I betrayed the want.
Nay, in my own prosperity,
I said—" I ne'er cast down shall be."
But mercy I obtained, because,
Thro' ignorance, I erring was.

Blest be the Lord who hath displayed
To me His loving, kindly aid
So wondrously—as in a strong
Walled city guarding me from wrong.
Me from a pit of horror too,
And from the treacherous mire he drew,
Secure from every hostile shock,
He set my feet upon a Rock.

That Rock was Christ. Ere chastened, Lord !
I strayed, but now would keep Thy word.
The way Thy testimonies show
It yields me more delight to know,
And in that righteous way to live
Than any wealth the world can give ;
Thousands of silver and of gold,
Before Thy law, I worthless hold.



Yea all things utter loss I deem,
 Compared with that delight supreme
 Of knowing Jesus Christ my Lord ;
 I would regard them as abhorred,
 To win Christ, and in Him be found,
 With righteousness—not that unsound
 Of mine the offspring of the law,
 But that which faith from Christ will draw—

That righteousness which God on those
 Who have true faith in Christ bestows ;
 And Christ I thank right heartily,
 In that He hath enabled me
 To grasp the hope before us set,
 Which hath our wants and wishes met,
 And to the soul an anchor proved,
 Too steadfast to be ever moved.

84

THE God of Jesus Christ our Lord,
 The glorious Father, be
 Thro' all eternity adored,
 For bountiful is He.
 A spirit of true wisdom may
 He on our minds bestow,
 By revelation of His way,
 More fully Him to know—

That to our intellectual eyes
 In clearer light may shine
 Those joyful hopes—to us the prize
 His calling will assign—
 That with discernment we may gauge
 The richness, and may see
 The glory of His heritage
 Which in the saints shall be—

To set before our inward sight,
And help us to perceive
Th' unbounded greatness of His might
To us-ward who believe,
According to the energy
His power almighty shed
On Christ, when, by its working, He
Uptraised Him from the dead.

85

R ENDER thanks to our Creator
Who to us reveals,
That His Christ, the Mediator,
Our corruption heals—
So freeing us from sin's vexation,
That, by love allured,
We may, awaiting our salvation,
Live in hope assured.

Thank Him that we are no longer
Wandering far astray—
That His quickening grace is stronger
Than temptation's sway.
And let us not, that grace neglecting,
Yield again to sin,
But persevere in faith, expecting
Victory to win—

Victory o'er sin and error,
O'er unmanly fear,
Over superstitious terror,
By the hopes which cheer
And urge us on to noble daring
In the mortal strife,
We must encounter, while preparing
For immortal life.



THE Spirit of the Lord from heaven
 Is what is freely to us given,
 And with true freedom are endued
 All whom that Spirit has imbued.
 For the life-giving Spirit's law,
 Which we from faith in Jesus draw,
 Hath from the law of sin and death
 Freed us, and given us freshened breath.

For while we in the flesh remained,
 And by the law were scarce restrained
 From sin, its promptings, having root
 Within us, brought forth deadly fruit.
 But from that law we now are free—
 What held us being dead—that we
 Should in the Spirit's newness serve,
 Nor toward the letter's oldness swerve.

In this God's love to us was clear—
 God sent into the world His dear
 And sole-begotten Son, that we,
 Thro' Him, might live in liberty.
 And this great love, to us-ward shown
 By God, we certainly have known—
 And, thro' the grace by us received,
 Have truly, heartily believed.

Yea, God is love, and every one
 Who has to dwell in love begun,
 Abides in God, while mutually
 God dwells in him ; wherein we see
 Our love made perfect, that we may
 Have boldness in the judgment day ;
 Because to us there has been given
 The Spirit of the Lord from heaven.

LET us to God give glory due
In spirit and in body too ;
Since both of these to God pertain,
Because our body is a fane—

A temple of the Holy Ghost,
Of which God makes our spirits boast ;
Our own moreover we are not,
For with a price we have been bought.

My heart, O God ! create anew,
My spirit with Thy truth imbue ;
Withdraw not from me my desire—
Thy Holy Spirit's living fire.

Bestow on me that glad repose,
Which from Thy great salvation flows ;
My soul with Thy Free Spirit fill,
That I may freely do Thy will.

For that in me—my fleshly part—
Dwells nothing good, well knows my heart ;
For while I have a willing mind,
How good to do I cannot find.

That good which I to do am fain,
I from performing oft refrain ;
Whereas the evil I would shun
By me, thro' weakness, oft is done.

Wretch that I am ! O who will me
From this death-tainted body free ?
Thank God, I from this thing abhorred
Will 'scape thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

88

BLEST be the God and Father of Jesus Christ our Lord !
 Who in the heavenly regions where He is most adored,
 With blessings of the Spirit, which of blessings are the best,
 In Christ our loving Saviour hath made us truly blest—

That in the dispensation, when ages shall have run
 Till perfect, He might gather together into one
 All things in heaven abiding or on the earth, in Christ,
 Who of all principality and power is Chief the highest.

For God the ever-living a sun is and a shield,
 He will give grace and glory, who doth the sceptre wield
 O'er heaven and earth; no benefit will God the Lord withhold
 From those who walk with uprightness, for from the times of old,

No ear hath heard by listening, no eye by gazing seen,
 What has for all who wait on Him in preparation been.
 The Lord is my chief portion—the best of all my rights.
 My lot Thou, Lord ! maintainest; to me, amid delights,

The lines have fallen ; a heritage of all that's good is mine;
 To me that path Thou showest, which leads to life divine.
 Lord ! in Thy presence fountains of joy exhaustless pour,
 At Thy right-hand assuredly are pleasures evermore.

89

THIS good for men, with constant toil,
 To till and well manure the soil—
 Entreating God to bless their pains
 With sunshine and refreshing rains—

Expecting that, when sown, the field
Will thus abundant produce yield—
That, from the olive and the vine,
They will obtain good oil and wine.

But there are better fruits than aught
From vineyard, field or garden brought—
Fruits that require nor sun, nor rain,
Nor toil, perfection to attain.
A fruitful Spirit to receive—
So Christ hath taught us to believe—
We need but ask the God of Heaven,
Our Father, and it will be given.

For, as a human father, tho'
He may be evil, will bestow
Good gifts upon his children dear,
When their petitions reach his ear,
Even so, our Heavenly Father will
His children's good desires fulfil,
When they ascend to Him in prayer;
For so did Jesus Christ declare.

When asked, He will His spirit give,
That we in Him, anew may live,
And having in His love our root,
May yield abundant goodly fruit—
Fruit of the Spirit sent from heaven,
Which is to work all goodness given,
Whate'er is just and right to do,
And utter only what is true—

Fruit of the Spirit, which is love,
Such as prevails in heaven above—
Long-suffering under all annoy,
With gentleness, and peace, and joy,
Benevolence and faith unfeigned,
Desires by temperance well restrained,
And meekness which from pride withdraw
Against these are decreed no laws.

Such fruit the faithful Christian bears ;
 For Christ the genuine vine declares
 Himself to be—no other than
 His Father being the husbandman—
 The branches we ; and He has taught
 That all the branches bearing naught
 God lops, whereas the fruitful He
 Trims that they may more fruitful be.

Let us then diligence apply—
 To strengthen faith by virtue try,
 To knowledge moderation join,
 With patience godliness combine ;
 And brotherly affection should
 We in the graceful list include,
 And these, as with a girdle, bind
 In charity to all mankind.

If these within our hearts abound,
 We shall not be unfruitful found,
 Nor shall our knowledge of our Lord
 Christ Jesus prove a barren hoard.
 And our access shall thus be sure
 To what shall evermore endure—
 His kingdom who o'er all is highest—
 Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

90

THANK God who makes us ever be
 In Christ triumphant, and the grace
 Of knowledge of Him obviously
 Displays by us in every place—
 Who, having also seal'd us, imparts
 The earnest of His Spirit to our hearts.

No longer we in darkness stray,
 And grope unaided in the night ;
 For darkness now hath pass'd away,
 And brightly shines the genuine light—
 That true light which enlightens every one
 Entering the world—of Righteousness the Sun.

For God, who gave command at first
That light should out of darkness shine,
Hath caused upon our hearts to burst
Bright beams, that in this light divine,
By knowledge, might God's glory be surveyed,
As in the face of Jesus Christ portrayed.

That God in us abides will shew
That Spirit given us from above ;
From death to life our rise we know,
Because we all the brethren love.
The mutual love felt in our bosoms tells,
That truly God Himself within us dwells.

91

WHAT Thou hast wrought within our hearts
Confirm, O Lord ! Our faith increase.
Strength to His servants God imparts,
His people will He bless with peace.
Tho' sorrows manifold assail
The righteous, God will never fail
With sure deliverance him to save ;
Thro' God shall we all dangers brave.

Walking by faith and not by sight,
We count them happy who endure ;
Because in God-Jehovah's might
Our trust and confidence are sure.
The Saviour of mankind is He,
And of believers specially,
Who, saving us from evils all,
Hath called us with a holy call—

Not after works of ours which erred,
But after grace—His own wise plan—
In Jesus Christ our Lord, conferred
On us before the world began.

In whom we, with assurance bold,
 Have, by the faith in Him we hold,
 Access, like some confiding friend,
 To that high hope which waits the end.

92

CHRISTIANS ! let us try to be
 Among ourselves at peace—
 Exhorting the disorderly
 From froward ways to cease.
 Let us console the feeble mind,
 Kindly uphold the weak,
 And the goodwill of all mankind
 By gentle patience seek—

Not rendering evil to the rude,
 Tho' evil seems their due,
 But to each other what is good,
 And toward all men, pursue.
 Let us, dear friends ! have evermore
 In Christ our chiefest joy,
 Nor cease God's favour to implore,
 While thanks our lips employ.

For thus it is God's holy will,
 In Jesus Christ revealed,
 That Christians should His law fulfil,
 And due obedience yield.
 Let us not quench the Spirit's fire,
 But prophecy revere ;
 And, while we needful proof require,
 To what is good adhere.

Let us with resolution strong,
 From evil ways abstain ;
 Tho' only in appearance wrong,
 We should from such refrain.

For faithful He who gives the call,
Which Christian men obey ;
He surely will accomplish all
For which we humbly pray.

93

ON earth below, in heaven above,
O who or what shall ever
Our ransomed spirits from the love
Of Christ our Saviour sever ?
Shall tribulation or distress,
The threats of friends or strangers ?
Shall hunger, thirst, or nakedness,
The sword, or lowering dangers ?

Nay, we have bravely o'er all those,
And worse, won conquests glorious.
The love of Christ o'er all such foes
Hath rendered us victorious.
Nor death, nor life,—be this our vow—
Nor angels thus presuming,
Nor chiefs, nor powers, nor what is now
Or in the future looming,

Nor any height however high,
Nor depth how deep soever,
Nor other creature that may try,
Shall our affections sever
From what can such delight afford,
On which our hopes are rested—
The love of God, as in our Lord
Christ Jesus manifested.



Blest the God whom we adore—
 Even the Father of our Lord—
 Fountain whence great mercies pour—
 God who comfort will afford—
 Who hath, of His mercy kind,
 Filled with lively hope our mind,
 By His raising from the dead
 Jesus Christ the Church's Head.

Now the sons of God are we—
 Sons of Christ's own Father dear ;
 What we shall hereafter be
 Doth not presently appear.
 But, when He shall come again,
 We are well assured that then,
 While His glorious self we view,
 We shall wear His likeness too.

God the Lord before mine eye
 Have I kept with purpose fast ;
 My right-hand the Lord is nigh,
 I shall not away be cast.
 Glad my heart, and with my tongue
 Glorifying shall be sung
 Joyful anthems, and with fresh
 Hope indued shall rest my flesh.

I have this assurance grand—
 My Redeemer liveth aye ;
 He upon the earth shall stand
 At the final judgment day.
 Tho' my skin away shall waste,
 And this body then shall haste
 To destruction, yet shall I
 In my new flesh God descry.

Now O ever-living God !
Whom for Thy salvation great
I eternally will laud,
What is that for which I wait ?
Me, while here I still abide,
Thou wilt by Thy counsel guide,
And, when this frail form I leave,
Into glory wilt receive.

95

THE Lord at all times will I bless and extol ;
My mouth shall His praises for ever employ—
Yea make in Jehovah her boast shall my soul,
In God my salvation and glory have joy.

Before Him all nations are vanity, yea,
To Him less than nothing and utterly vain,
Men low in degree ! only vanity they ;
While high degree many by falsehood attain ;
If laid in the balance and carefully weighed,
Even lighter than vanity these would be found ;
Lo ! vainly each walks in a showy parade ;
In vain do their self-imposed troubles abound.

One heapeth up riches, yet little he knows
Who shall of his treasure the benefit reap ;
Sure vanity this—ay, the vainest of shows,
In fruitless vexation the spirit to keep.

They think that for ever their houses shall stand—
Their dwellings to all generations abide—
While some on acquiring a fragment of land,
Bestow their own names on it, urged by their pride.

But God forbid I should e'er glory in aught,
Except in the cross of Christ Jesus my Lord ;
By which I and the world each other deem naught—
Yea mutually crucified, scorned and abhorred.

96

BLESSED are they—one and all—
 From the greatest to the least,
 Whom as guests the Lamb shall call
 To His glorious bridal feast.
 Blessed are those servants whom—
 Coming to award their doom—
 Christ the Lord shall watching find—
 Waiting with expectant mind.

Let us then of sloth beware,
 Nor, like others, yield to sleep,
 But in soberness, with care,
 Ever bright and watchful keep ;
 For to be by wrath consumed
 God hath not His people doomed,
 But salvation to obtain
 By our Lord Christ Jesus slain—

Who for our transgressions gave
 Even His precious life, that He
 Might our souls from evil save—
 From this world's allurements free.
 Thus did Jesus Christ fulfil
 God our Father's holy will,
 Whom for this we would adore—
 Giving glory evermore.

97

OUR souls keep waiting for the Lord,
 Him for our help and shield we claim;
 He to our hearts will joy afford,
 Because we trust His holy name.
 Lord ! let Thy mercies on us be,
 Seeing that we confide in Thee,
 While the adoption we await—
 Our bodies in their perfect state.

For most assuredly we know,
That, were this earthly house of ours—
This tabernacle, buried low
Down in the ground where worm devours,
And so dissolved, we, not the less,
A form divine shall yet possess—
Not made with hands, to us God-given—
An everlasting house in heaven.

Whence we expect, when we revive,
The Saviour—waiting there the while—
Our Lord Christ Jesus to arrive,
And alter this our body vile,
And by His power, which can subdue
All things unto Himself, anew
To fashion it, till like His own,
It glorious stands before the throne.

98

BLESSED henceforth are the dead—
Those who in the Lord have died ;
'Tis the Spirit this hath said,
Shall it be by us denied ?
Yes, they all are truly blest,
For they from their labours rest,
While their works their course pursue ;
Faithful sayings these and true.

Sure, in righteousness shall I
See Thy face, Lord ! with mine eyes ;
Me it will quite satisfy
In Thy likeness to arise.
I shall feel nor fear nor shame,
For I know full well His name,
Who, I in my heart believe,
Never would my soul deceive.

I have a conviction deep
 That whate'er to Him I may
 Have entrusted He can keep
 Safely till the judgment day.
 For to me will God the Lord
 All the help I need afford ;
 I shall not, whate'er betide,
 Have my face confused to hide.

Near is He that justifies,
 Faithful to His promise He ;
 This the promise which I prize—
 Life eternal vowed to me.
 God-Jehovah, whom we laud,
 Of salvation is the God ;
 Yea, to God the Lord belong
 Issues from death's prison strong.

Precious truly in the sight
 Of th' Eternal is the death
 Of His saints who walk aright ;
 So the Holy Scripture saith—
 Wherefore very fain would I
 Like the faithful righteous die,
 And, when comes my latter end,
 Find, like him, in Christ a friend.

99

CHIRST is risen ; so let us sing
 And rejoice right heartily—
 Saying—“ Death ! where now thy sting ?
 Grave ! where now thy victory ?”

Were our hope in Christ confined
 To this present life of care,
 Most with us of all mankind
 Would it miserably fare.

Christ hath risen ; ay this the sum
Of the Christian faith we keep ;
He the first-fruits hath become
Of the dead, who merely sleep.

For as death, with aspect dread,
Came by man to all mankind,
So the rising of the dead
Was by Man to man assigned.

For as all in Adam died—
(To escape could none contrive,)
So in Christ, now glorified,
Shall we all be made alive.

Adam first, receiving breath,
Only a living soul became,
Adam second, conquering death,
'Quicken'g Spirit' we may name.

While the first man, from the ground
Earthy, to the earth is given,
Christ the second Man is found
Now to be the Lord from heaven—

Who, for our offences great,
Was delivered up to die,
But upraised to highest state,
That He might us justify.

100

BEHOLD ! my record is on high,
My witness far above the sky.
That which concerns me will the Lord
Complete, according to His word.
Ever enduring, Lord ! Thy mercies stand ;
Abandon not the work of Thine own hand.

Into Thy keeping now would I
 Commit my spirit, Lord Most High !
 Thou hast, O God for ever true !
 Redeemed my soul to live anew—
 Not without blood, since sin our death has wrought,
 And without bloodshed pardon cometh not—

But with that blood in value highest—
 The precious, priceless blood of Christ,
 As of a lamb from blemish free,
 Of spotless, perfect purity.
 Near is He who my soul will justify ;
 Strength in the Lord and righteousness have I.

We will be glad ; with tuneful voice
 Laud His salvation, and rejoice
 In that we freely by His grace
 Stand justified before His face,
 Thro' the redemption, which our souls restored
 From sin to God, by Jesus Christ our Lord—

Who is before us set by God,
 That faith, confiding in His blood,
 Might a propitiation find,
 And to exhibit to the mind
 God's righteousness, that He might, being just,
 Those justify who in Christ Jesus trust.

To help me God the Lord is near ;
 Whose condemnation shall I fear ?
 For man's assaults why should I care,
 Since now I in my body bear
 The marks of Jesus Christ—yea crucified
 Am I with Christ, tho' I in life abide—

Not I myself, 'tis Christ indeed
 Lives in me ; and the life I lead
 At present in this mortal flesh,
 I live in hope for ever fresh ;
 Because by faith the Son of God I see,
 Who lovèd me and gave Himself for me.



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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Opinions of the Press—continued.

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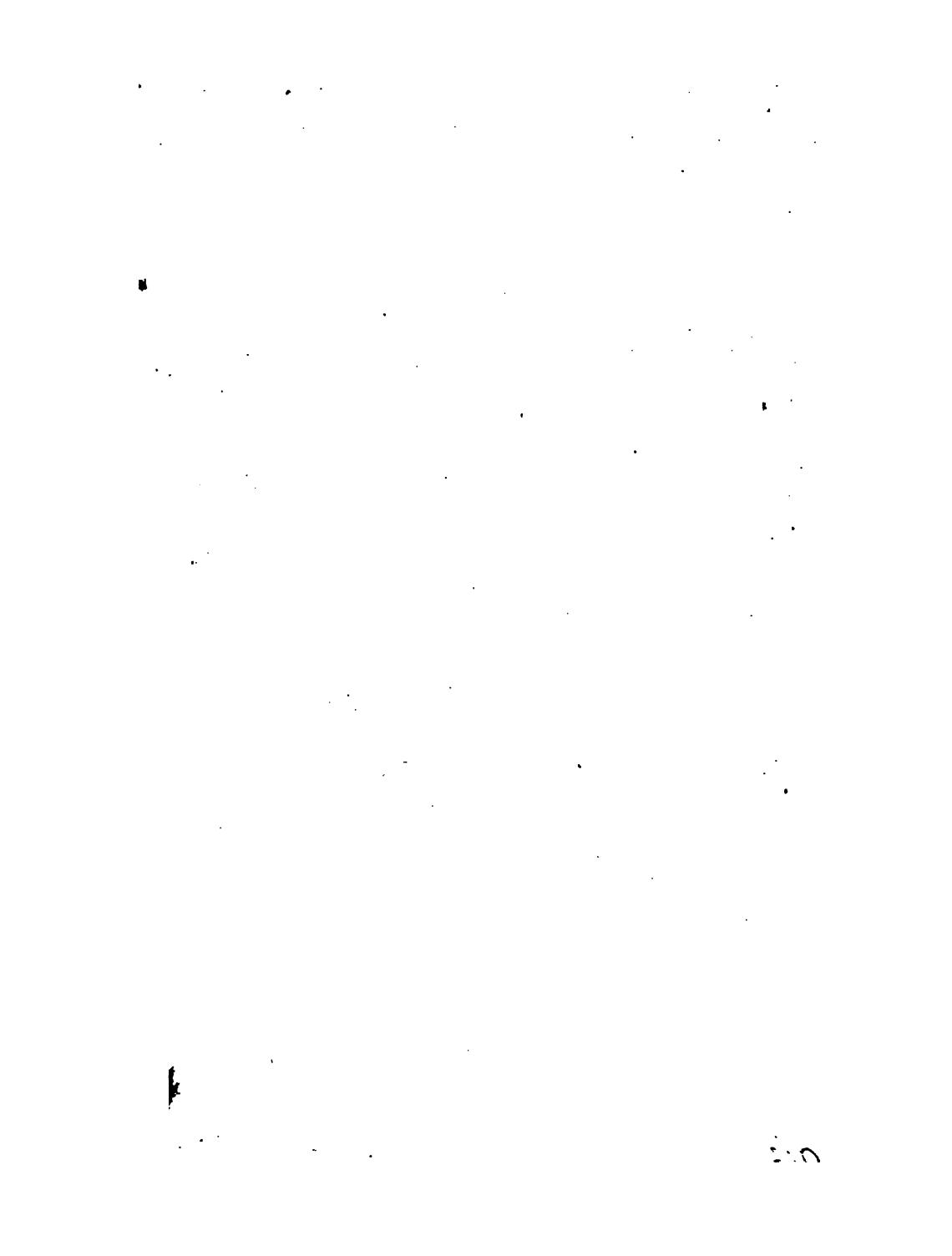
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